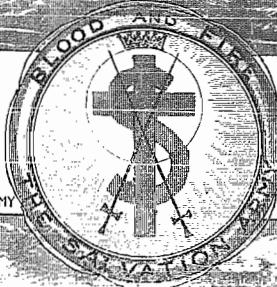


1900

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY



IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

16th Year. No. 26.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, MARCH 24, 1900.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.

Price, 5 Cents.



"MEN OF 'A' COMPANY: PREPARE TO MEET YOUR GOD; FORWARD! CHARGE!!"

See Article on page 4, 1.

WHAT IS A CHRISTIAN?

A sermon in shoes.—Dr. Cuyler.

—○—

Life's true Utilitarian.—Dora Greenwell.

—○—

God Almighty's gentleman.—Hare.

—○—

The greatest freeman in the world.—Sibbes.

—○—

One whose faith is as sure as his sense.—Hall.

—○—

One who speaks and does what the devil hates.—Bucholzer.

—○—

One whose feet stand where other men's heads are.—Gurnall.

—○—

The most jocund, blithe, and gay person in the world; always at home and full of cheer; continually bearing a mind well satisfied, a light heart and calm spirit, a smooth brow and serene countenance, a grateful accent of speech, and a sweetly composed teur of carriage.—Barrow.

—○—

Not a man who has explosed from the mind one theory, to give place to another; he is a man humbled, who feels that he can live only upon mercy; who adores, who blesses that mercy; who nourishes himself upon the promises of God as his only hope, who continually renounces himself, and devotes himself daily to the Saviour.—Vinet.

Letters from the South African Battlefield.

ADJUTANT MURRAY'S LETTER.

(Continued from last week.)

Spiritually, every little effort we have put forth has been warmly appreciated. No better proof can I give of how eager the Christian lads are for spiritual help than the following:

One afternoon I had handed in to

The Colonel of the Dorsets

a request that certain men, whose names were enclosed, might have a special pass, so as to be able to attend a meeting. I returned straight home, half-an-hour's walk, and within a quarter of an hour of my return the colonel had sent an orderly with a most gracious sanction; almost in his steps came a hand of Dorsets, and in spite of torrents of rain, and the fact that two at least of our Dorset friends were wet and had no coats, a very happy, bright meeting followed. A little book, "Save Thyself," by Mrs. Booth, which I gave to one of the men, and which he passed on, has been the means of the conversion of one dear lad.

Some weeks ago, in the English papers, among the killed appeared the name of Private Marshall, 1st Gloucesters. That was all; now, at last, I know how that our League comrade died.

"The morning of the fight he prayed long in his tent," says Private Belsten, "saying to the men, 'I know I shan't return.' During the day a stretcher-bearer, returning for the fourth time, was hit and fell next to Marshall, who

Smiled and Passed Away.

Chieveley.

Capt. Ashman left Chieveley yesterday, and advanced with the Second Brigade.

Three more Leagueys enrolled before Chieveley camp was struck.

We were startled last night about nine o'clock by a star shell being fired over our house; six were fired over the hills to discover the Boer position, the shell as it burst illuminating the valleys.

We are eagerly awaiting, and yet dreading, what news the next few days will bring. Our one comfort is that, as far as was in our power, we have told forth the saving power of God.

Reader, God may not have called you to the front, but will you not help us to spread the good tidings; will you not share the joy of knowing you, too, are helping these lads, so bravely fighting, so bravely dying? You cannot come with us from camp to camp, but you

can help us by lifting our financial burden, by gifts of various kinds, such as Bibles, Testaments, books, Bibles, Crys., and handkerchiefs. When the men, out of their little, unmasked—but because they want God's people—give so gladly, I feel I need not press you to do what you can, for, like silver bells, the message rings, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

—M. Murray, Adj't.

—○—

VIII.

HOW HE SPENDS HIS DAY.

An account of how our day is spent might interest some. I have been working alone for nearly a month, the Captain being about forty miles from here, working among the refugees at Queenstown. This is a day's work for myself:

Rise at 6 a.m., prayers, fetch water from railway station, light camp-fire, and make breakfast. After breakfast, Bible-reading (Exodus chapters x. to XII), prayer, clean up tent, visit the village three miles distant to do some shopping:

Met a Trooper of Brabant's Horse, tackled him about his soul. Says he expects to die and wishes to be prepared. Would not yield then, but faithfully promised to get away to the hills and seek pardon from God. Back to camp at 11:30, light fire again, make dinner. After this a few minutes of prayer and my Bible. Again fetch water from railway station, wash linen and dry it. Prayer. Visit tents of the wounded, each tent accommodating six men. Visit eighteen, read Bible in twelve, pray in sixteen. Back to my tent, light fire again, some tea. After clearing away, prayer and select Bible-reading for men. After this, visit seven Army Service Corps tents, each containing twelve men. Read Bible in three, pray in four, having to finish them as "lights out" will be. Home to tent at 9:15 p.m.; prayer till 10:15 p.m. Coats down, turn in all standing, and hard till morning. This was yesterday's program.

At each visitation I have distributed War Crys and Gospels. Illustrating yesterday's reading of Exodus x. clouds of locusts have to-day filled the air, resembling a heavy snow-storm.

—○—

IX.

SOMEBODY'S SON.

The Captain has arrived back here, since writing, and we have had some splendid results. We are believing for some mighty results. Before you receive this we hope to have another tent in full swing, to be used for Bible-reading and light refreshments for the men.

We find this is needed, and we shall be able to supply them at almost cost price.

After holding an open-air, a man came running after us, saying God had convicted him of sin through the meeting. He said, at the sight of the Army uniform,

A Lump Came in his Throat,

as he was a backslider. He has promised to get converted before end of week. His father, a drummer, a prominent London corps. In all probability he should have been present at the last engagement at Stormberg, had not an error been made in a wire from Cape Town, saying, "Proceed to Kimberley." Truly, "God's ways are not our ways."

In closing, I may add that we are well and strong, spiritually and physically. We need your prayers in helping us make our mission a success.

—○—

Irish Wit.

A lady had in her employ an excellent girl who had one fault. Her face was always in a smudge. Mrs. —— tried to tell her to wash her face without offending, and at last resorted to strategy.

"Do you know, Bridget," she remarked in a confidential manner, "it is said that if you wash the face every day in hot soapy water it will make you beautiful."

"Will it?" said Bridget. "Sure it's a wonder ye never tried it, um'an."

The above will do to go with another:

Cardinal Manning met one day a drunken Irishman on a London street.

"Patrick, I have joined the Temperance Society."

"Perhaps your reverence needed it," was Patrick's reply.



THE ROMANS.

CHAPTER I.

ENEAS.

Westward from Greece another peninsula stretches south into the Mediterranean, somewhat resembling a large riding boot. Its centre is traversed by the Apennine Mountains, running from the Alps in a south-easterly direction. The peninsula is called Italy. Its plains and valleys, sheltered from the north wind by the Alps, and well watered by the mountain streams, are fertile and possess an excellent climate, which attracted tribes to settle there further back than history records. It is, however, fairly certain that these tribes came from the same Indo-Germanic stock from which the Greeks and the Anglo-Saxons descended. Language is the best characteristic to trace nations to their origin; the tongue which became pre-dominant in Italy, and which was most polished in later times, was called Latin.

In the centre of Italy flows westward through the Apennines, the River Tiber, winding its rapid course between seven low hills. One of these, the middle one, was higher than the six which girdled it, and this was the site where the great Roman power began.

Several nations lived around the hill, the chief ones being the Etruscans, Sabines, and Latins. The Etruscans built very strong walls without mortar, and had a good system of city drainage. Many relics of that superior people remain to this day. They believed in one great Soul of the World, and in reward and punishment after death.

The Sabines and Latins were more like the Greeks, who had many settlements in the south of Italy; they believed in a multitude of gods, like the Greeks. The Latins were less clever and thoughtful than the Greeks, but more enterprising and business-like.

On the whole, the history of Rome was not written, nor celebrated in song until long after the Romans had become a powerful nation. The poet Pliny gives us the earliest record in his songs.

In our Greek history we mentioned the burning of Troy after its capture by the Greeks. The Trojan Prince, Aeneas, rushed back to his house, when he saw that the city was lost, took his father, Anchises, on his back, and led his son, Iulus (or Ascanius), by the hand, while his wife, Creusa, followed, with all the Trojans who could gather around. The little band escaped to Mount Ida, where the Greeks were in the crush. From the trees of Mount Ida, Aeneas built some ships in which he set forth in search of his new home, which the goddess Venus had promised him. After many mythical adventures he reached Epirus, where his cousin Helenus lived, who gave him much good advice. By this advice the Trojans sailed round the south of Italy.

A little tempest drove the ship to the south, until they reached a beautiful bay. Here the adventurers landed and rested round a fire, while Aeneas went in search of food. After travelling through the forest he saw a beautiful city being built. He entered one of the temples and beheld there the story of the Siege of Troy depicted. While gazing in the temple, Herneus, who was Helenus' son, and his husband had been King of Tyre, but had been murdered. His murderer meant to have married Helenus, but she fled with a few faithful followers and her husband's treasures, and had landed on the north coast of Africa. From the ruler of the land she begged as much land as she could cover with a bullock's hide. Having received this permission she cut up the hide into fine strips, and so measures enough ground to build a splendid city which she named Carthage. She received Aeneas very friendly, hoping to make him her husband. Aeneas felt very happy, and would have stayed had not the gods reminded him of his destiny. He obeyed, fare well, and set sail. Dido, who was so grieved at his departure that she had a great funeral pyre built, laid herself on top, and stabbed herself with Aeneas' sword.

The Trojans saw the flames of the pyre without knowing their meaning. At last Aeneas landed in Italy, near Gaeta, and made friends with King Latinus, who promised him his daughter, Lavinia, in marriage. Another Italian chief, who had been a suitor of Lavinia, objected, and was only conquered after much fighting. Aeneas and Lavinia married and founded the city of Alba Longa, where he reigned until he died, and his descendants reigned for fifteen generations after him.

(To be continued.)

GEMS OF TRUTH.

The eternal life, the life of faith, is simply the life of the higher vision. It is an attitude—a mirror set at the right angle.

"* * * * *

Complete truthfulness is one of the rarest of virtues. Even those who regard themselves as absolutely truthful are daily guilty of over-statements and under-statements. Exaggeration is almost universal.

"* * * * *

A duty is not to be shirked because it is disagreeable; but if it can be made agreeable, by all means make it so.

"* * * * *

Everything that multiplies the ties that unite man to man makes him better and happier.

"* * * * *

The pleasure of giving is a necessary element in true happiness; but the poorest can have it.

"* * * * *

There are some people who keep their morality in the place: it is a stuff of which they never make themselves a coat.

"* * * * *

Too many Christian soldiers are of a retiring disposition.

"* * * * *

There is no possession of Christ without confession of Him.

"* * * * *

The furrows of affliction become furrows for the flow of mercy.

"* * * * *

The silent Christian does not exist, for, being dead, he yet speaketh.

"* * * * *

The knowledge of sin does not always lead to its acknowledgement.

"* * * * *

He who buys popularity at the price of character is robbing the world of manhood.

"* * * * *

If the stars went out of business because they were not suns the night would be drear.

MY SINFUL TEMPER.

The Son of God was made manifest that He might destroy the works of the devil; that is, that He might take away all the sin out of our hearts and tempers. Not that He should destroy His own works in us, but that all the sin and pollution might be taken out, so making us pure and right in His sight; and that all our powers, and possessions, and talents, are consecrated to God and His service, where once they were in the service of sin and Satan. I remember when I had a nasty temper that would make me curse and swear. I remember when I used to look after cattle, and poultry, and how cruel I used to be to them at times, when I got out of patience. I would think nothing of

Throwing Missiles at the Fowls, and breaking their legs or otherwise injuring them, and also pinning and illusing the cattle; but after I was my temper I would be sorry and ashamed of myself, only to fall into the same sin again, and, oh, the trouble and fighting I used to get into through temper; but the fact was I was bound by the chains of sin, and could not do deliverance till I found it in the Blood of the Crucified One. I am writing of particular sins, I have written of different sins in future, as I think it brings to our minds more clearly and vividly the many sins we have been saved from. May the Lord bless these few words.—Treas. Cabin, Halifax I.

"GO FORWARD!"

By COMMISSIONER HOWARD, Secretary for International Affairs.

ALL the week I have been exercised about one little incident, which has followed me everywhere.

The incident has reference to the time when the Children of Israel had escaped from Egypt, and got on the edge of the Red Sea, and they were very much disheartened, and almost tempted to give up and go back. Moses himself was rather disengaged, and downhearted about it; so he got up his胆 before the Lord and asked, "What shall I do?" The Lord very soon ended the matter. He said to them just this—and these are the words which have been burning in my heart all this week: "Speak unto the Children of Israel: that they go forward."

The Key to Happiness.

I need hardly remind you that, if we can only get you to accept and carry out that command, we shall not only bring glory to God—not only shall we widen the circle which the Salvation Army may influence—not only shall we do more work—but we want to impress upon you that your own soul's happiness and well-being will be secured by complying with it.

As to the question of going forward, I need hardly remind you that the very law of life and health is progress: that stagnation, standing still, is sure to result in feebleness, weakness, disease, and death. It was so with the Children of Israel. There they were on the edge of the Red Sea, with Pharaoh's host behind them. I have often tried to imagine this picture when I have gone up and down the Red Sea, and through the canal, and noted the point where it is said the Children of Israel passed over, and where Moses' well is, and all the other things which mark the spot. I have been there seven or eight times, and I have seen Pharaoh's host coming along behind them with mountains on the right and left of them, and the Red Sea in front. Yet at this crisis comes the word, "Stand up and go forward—progress or death."

Let "Well Alone?" No!

And it is so in all the departments of life. There is nothing to be lamented more than stagnation. It is so with every corps. Let the soldiers cease to push on and strike out, and they will very soon get into a sort of decline; instead of growing larger, the concern will become less. It is only when the spirit of going forward is in a man or a corps that there is real prosperity. Oh, the tendency to "well alone"! Let me illustrate: Because you have got a decent platform, a decent band (and you have got a decent band here), a decent war section and good officers, you think you are in fine condition. Look out—that is not your security. I tell you, your security lies in going forward.

The other day, one of my children, who is a bit of a mechanic, was trying to construct a compass. He had got his needle and magnet and the whole concern nicely into shape. When I got home from the office, he put it on the table, and I explained to him that, although well done, it was not quite true to the North Pole. "As you turned it, sometimes it would stick." He remarked, "I will alter it, and make it all right." Knowing the trouble he had been at, his mother said, "If I were you, John, I would let well alone!" thinking it was a fair production for the boy. But he said, "No, mother; we must make well better!"

Now, there are two applications I would like to make of this instruction to "go forward":

No Hurry for Heaven!

First of all, I need hardly say that God wants you to go forward towards the heaven of the future! These Israelites were going to the Promised Land, and what the Promised Land was to them, so heaven is to the pilgrim who is on his way to glory. Thank God, there is a heaven at the end of the journey! The Salvation Army is so occupied over the present that we don't think much about heaven. We are not in a hurry to get there as long as we can do something down here. Still, thank God, there is a heaven.

Then, you must go forward in your spiritual experience, and in your efforts to bless and save others. Those are the two thoughts which loom biggest in my mind this morning. I might turn to the War Cry and talk to you about your Commissioner's manifesto as to the winter campaign; but I just give you your marching orders: "Go forward!" I don't tell you you won't have to face difficulties, because going forward does involve the facing of difficulties. If we get smokers to stop, we have to go down to them and tell them they are going to get to heaven without having to face difficulties. Those of us who have been saved for some time and have been trying to do something for God, know that there are obstacles many and great. Those Israelites had their wilderness to go through, their poverty and their physical suffering to endure. So will you; you cannot make progress in your soul without facing difficulties. While there are difficulties, thank God there is abundant encouragement! You have God's promises, you have His dealings in the past with you; they are intended to strengthen your confidence.

Now, can you turn your face and heart to the Lord this morning and say you have gone forward? Some of you can, I hope; but is there nobody here this morning who has to confess, "O Lord, instead of going forward, I have gone back in my soul?" I am not even what I used to be, to say nothing about what I ought to be."

It is a beautiful thing to have your sins pardoned; but have you got a clean heart? That is, have you gone on to realize, not simply that your sins, which were many, are all forgiven, but that the Blood of Jesus Christ has cleansed your heart and purified your nature? That the Holy Ghost lives in your soul and has His own way with you?

Where are You Now?

I will come closer to some of you. Some of you have a clean heart once. But you have not got it this morning. The experience you once had is before you; you are tempted to live in the past and say, "So-and-so months, or so many years ago, because I went out to the pentitent farm and asked the Lord to give me a clean heart, and He did it, therefore I have it this morning!" No, no; you can't live in the past! My question is, Where are you now? Have you gone back in your soul? You made promises to the Lord; you declared how you would be devoted entirely to Him, and make the doing of His will the joy and law of your own heart. Is that the state of your soul this morning? Is that where you are, or have you gone back?

Do not ask whether you have gone back to the world—perhaps some of you have, I cannot say—but I ask whether you have gone back in your immorality, perhaps even between your own soul and God; whether talking to God is the joy to you to-day that it used to be; whether the passionate love for souls which carried you out of yourself, and brought you into fellowship with Jesus Christ and His Cross, is filling you this morning—the joy of the Lord—the peace that passeth understanding, the love which knew no grudging or grudge-bearing, and no wanting in charity, and no pickings and choosings when God's will was concerned; the condition in which the pride, vanity and love of the world and other things have been expelled?

Where to Start From.

I say to you who have gone back, there must be a new start this morning from just where you are now. Some of you are standing, hesitating, disengaged; you don't know what to do. The voice of God has been speaking to your soul, and has said, "Do this, do that, let this be the path of duty." And you say, "I don't know what I can do." You are just on the balance—waiting, and wondering, and hesitating. "Go forward!" Let that settle it. Start from just where you are; if you are all right, that is a splendid place to begin at.

If you say my soul is clear, the sky is clear, there is nothing hindering me;

here goes, faster and harder than ever!" that's right. But if you have gone back, if your condition this morning is unsatisfactory, never mind; take it just as it is. Perhaps you are struggling with the devil of temptation; never mind, that is the spot to begin at. Perhaps you have gone back into sin; here you are this morning, start afresh. Say, "I will accept this instruction that I should go forward sharp in the direction of Calvary and service for Thee."

Need I suggest that you must cut off and put away every uncurbed hindrance? Some people try to run in God's service all loaded up with things that hinder and handicap them. The General says some people try to go to heaven with check-weights in their pocket, and it is sadly true, Some with habits, and some with indulgences. Let them all go! Whatever the cost, let your cry be, "Yea, Lord, I accept it this morning, and, by Thy grace, I will go forward; I will leave the things which are behind, whether they are good, bad, or indifferent, and, reaching forth to those that are before, will press to Thy mark for me."

Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin

AT

LINDSAY AND UXBRIDGE.

It was with pleasureable anticipation that we looked forward to visiting our dear comrades in the Lindsay District. It had been snowing, and blowing, and drifting for several days, and consequently, instead of arriving at our destination at eight o'clock, it was nearly nine when we arrived, and we were delighted to see the smiling face and stalwart figure of Treasurer Moses as he came to shake hands and bid us welcome.

LINDSAY.

Although a late hour, a nice crowd waited at the barracks for our coming, and a good, profitable meeting resulted.

Sunday's meetings were excellent throughout, both as to congregations and finance, more especially so as the streets were covered with deep snow, while the feathered fakes, carried by a piercing wind, added to the already accumulated mass. This did not, however, deter the brave Lindsay warriors from turning out to marches and meetings in strong force. Twenty-eight of us stood at the street corner and preached salvation to a score of male-by-standers, huddled in the doorways, who listened intently to the words of truth.

Sunday night, after a splendid meeting, we saw one soul at the Mercy Seat seeking salvation.

Monday morning we devoted to visiting Adj't Fox and the writer called Adj't Father Goodenough, in his 70th year, nearing the brink of the river. It was a pleasure to be in the presence of this dear child of God. When questioned if he had a bright experience, he replied, "What else could I have; what other have I to depend upon?"

The afternoon was devoted to District inspection and interviews.

On Monday night we had a bean social and a special address by the P. O. Both the address and the beans were greatly enjoyed, as was also the sweet singing, with guitar accompaniment, by Mrs. Gaskin. Altogether the week-end's meetings were times of real spiritual blessing.

UXBRIDGE.

Wedding of Capt. Liston and Lieut. Hart.

On arriving at Uxbridge we found Captain Liston hustling about like a miniature steam engine, getting ready for the great event that was to take place in the evening, as well as the wedding banquet.

Capt. Nelson pioneered the procession through the snow and ice. The barracks was comfortably filled with a splendid audience, which was in the best of humor.

The entrance of Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin with the bridal party and the smiling Captain was a signal for a round of cheers.

"There shall be showers of blessing" went with a swing. Capt. Porter prayed. Mrs. Gaskin sang, "I shall know Him," and then came the wedding ceremony.

The responses were given in a clear, distinct voice, and the Captain was particularly pleased with the choice he had made.

When the knot was tied and the Brigadier had prayed for the contracting parties, the knot was sealed by the bridegroom greeting his new bride with a hearty kiss under the wave of the colors.

Capt. Nelson and Mrs. McDonald, sister of the bride, Capt. and Mrs. Liston, Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin gave short addresses, and the meeting was brought to a close.

A good crowd gathered at the bridal banquet, which was a first-rate affair. Everything passed off satisfactorily.

Uxbridge is on the up grade. God is blessing the efforts of Capt. Liston, and we are full of faith that the future will be brighter than ever the past has been.—A Visitor.

Love's Refusals.

No father who loves his child will give it everything its asks for. Not even if the child begs and weeps for the desire of its heart, will a true father give it what he knows to be for its injury. Refusing a child's wrong request is one of the evidences of a father's love. God loves His children more than any earthly father loves his. Because this is so, God will not answer every earnest prayer of His longing child. Until a child of God knows better than God, he ought to be given the best immediate answers; but the best immediate answers are not always answered. Let us thank God that He will not answer our prayers unless He sees that they are for our good.

We possess nothing earthly unless we are willing at any time to convert it into a sacrifice at God's command.

God gives our vague wants back to us, reformed, illumined, ordered, and touched into strange grandeur which we never suspected in them, and in the very disclosure of our gravest wants makes us feel more than ever like



March 12th, 1900.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

The most important event which has taken place since the surrender of Cronje and the relief of Ladysmith was the retreat of the Boers from Oosfontein. It appears that they were strongly entrenched there for some miles, but the mobility of General French's cavalry enabled the British to turn the Boer flank, which resulted in the precipitated retreat of the latter. The British captured a Krupp gun, a quantity of carts, fodder and ammunition. The latter was destroyed.—In Northern Cape Colony the Boers are retreating across the Orange River. Stormberg has been evacuated by the Boers, and has since been occupied by General Gatacre. General Clements has occupied Jonker's Sling, near Colesberg, and has since advanced to Norval's Point, on the south bank of the Orange River. The Boers have blown up the bridge over the river at this point.—The Naval Brigade has left Ladysmith for Durban, and General Warren's force is reported to be leaving for Cape Colony. The Boers hold the Van Reeuw's Pass and Laing's Nek, the two passes leading from Natal into the Orange Free State and Transvaal. The retreating Boer troops blew up every bridge and culvert on the railway line.—Eight hundred cases of typhoid fever are in the Ladysmith hospitals. Supplies are plentiful there at present.—Mafekeng is in sore straits—food is giving out and horses, dogs, and other things are used to supply the daily sledge soup. Disease is rampant. About three hundred persons have been killed, wounded, or died of disease during the siege. Colonel Baden-Powell with the remainder of his brave garrison is determined to hold out until relief comes. Presidents Steyn and Kruger are reported to have been both present at the night near Oosfontein, but were unable to stay the retreating Boers, who said that they were unable to stand against the British cavalry and artillery.—There appears to be no prospect of a near cessation of hostilities.—A rebellion in Griqualand is reported to be wide spread.—A small British

force has invaded the Transvaal at the border of Zululand, and entrenched themselves there to prevent cattle raiding by the Boers.—There has been a re-arrangement of Boer Generals; General Joubert is reported to be now in supreme command.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Frictions between two Chinese Societies have resulted in the killing of two, and the wounding of one prominent Chinese merchant.—J. S. Morgan & Co., of London Eng., have sent the sum of two and a half million dollars to the Prince of Wales' War Hospital Fund.—A strike of matchmen, at Chelmsford, threatens to assume large proportions.—The Indian rising in Yucatan is opposed by three thousand armed men. Thirty-two Indians have been killed in an engagement.—A case of bubonic plague has been discovered at Cape Town on board of a transport.—More than fifty men were killed by an explosion in the Red Ash Coal Mine, on the New River, West Virginia.—Queen Victoria will visit Ireland soon. This is an acknowledgement of the splendid behavior of the Irish troops in the present war.—The Queen's entry into London was the occasion of a tremendous popular ovation.—At Bordeaux, France, a number of students, issuing from a pro-Hour meeting, marched to the British consulate, battered down the door and stoned the windows, after which they proceeded to the Consul's private residence, which they treated similarly. The French Foreign Minister has apologized to the British Ambassador for this outrage.—The National Patriotic Fund now exceeds \$157,000.

The C. P. R. passenger rate in March will be reduced to three cents per mile after the tenth of March.—Sixteen sailors were killed by an explosion in a coal pit at Bousloges, France.—The British steamer Cuyler, from Antwerp to Brazil, was sunk in collision with an unknown steamer. Three men out of a crew of fifty were picked up by a steamer; the rest, it is feared, were drowned.—The Mikado of Japan, has wired the Queen his sympathy and congratulations on the successes of British arms in South Africa.

Contentment is a Christian duty; satisfaction is not.

The second Army wedding in Hamilton took place Feb. 14th, when

Agt. Matthews and Sergt.-Major Tatam

of the local corps, were made man and wife. Dr. Burrows and your humble servant conducted the service. In spite of a heavy rain-storm the hall was packed to the door.

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During the past month we had a tea for the Military League, also a tea for the Band of Love, and lecture on India, by Lieut. Hinson.

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Feb. 28th we had a Bandsman's Congress at Hamilton. St. George's Band, and Southampton Band, and Hamilton Band united. The bandsman's and officers' meeting in the afternoon was one of those never-to-be-forgotten times. Tea at five. A great musical meeting at night. We had a good crowd, and bandsmen and all went away greatly encouraged.

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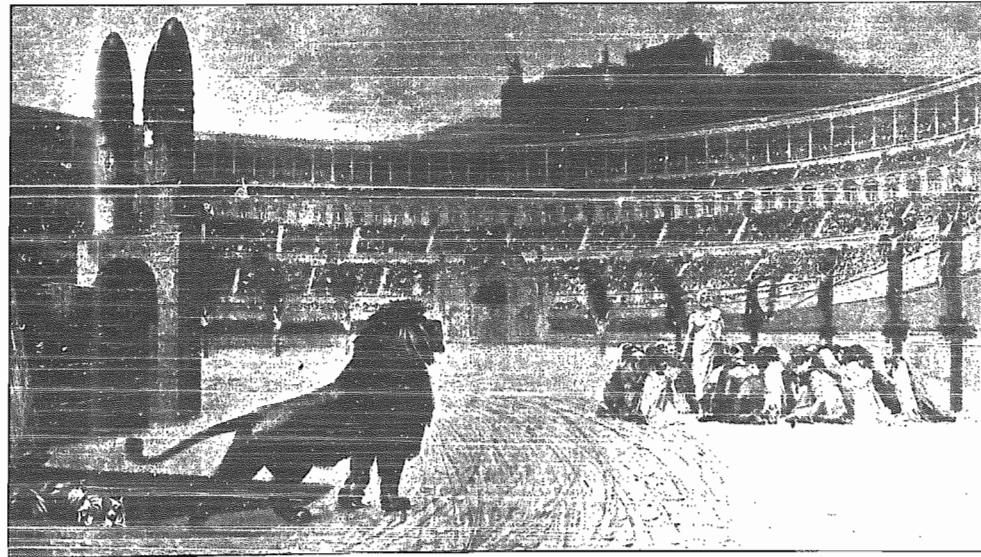
Every soldier and officers are up in arms for the Siege. G. Miller, Adj't.

Missions and Omissions.

Life without a mission is life with a tremendous omission. To leave off life's mission would be like leaving off the flanges of the engine's wheels or the rudder on the ship. Direction would be lost. Frank Bullen tells us, in his sea stories, that a cruel sport among the sailors is to catch a shark and, having cut off its ventral fins, to return it to the water. It has no longer any power to direct its course, all the corrective efforts being spent in shooting wildly to the surface. Even so do those that turn their backs upon the mission, the purpose, in them. Those who tell us that we can do nothing and are going nowhere are both false and cruel. The Divine voice tells us that there is a baptism to be baptised with, and that we are straitened until it is accomplished. Nothing is more deadly to a true life than the omission of its mission.

=♦=♦=

Our superfluities should be given up for the convenience of others; our conveniences should give place to the necessities of others; and even our necessities give way to the extremities of the poor.—John Howard.



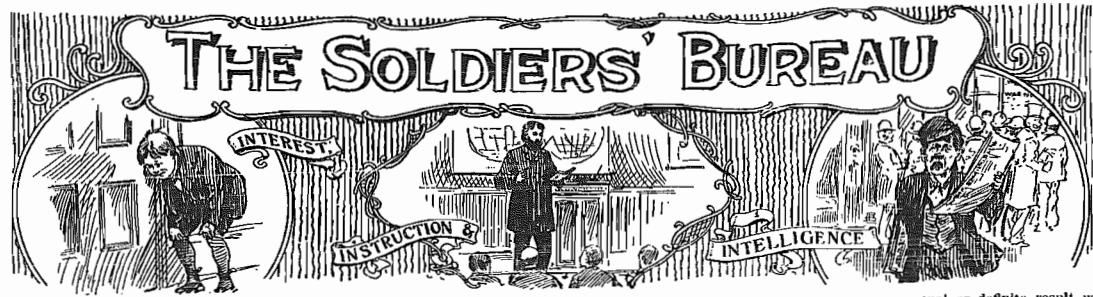
THE LAST PRAYER.

The triumph of Christianity over paganism could scarcely be depicted more powerfully than in the above reproduced painting. A little group of Christians—old men, young men, tender women, and children—condemned to death. Kneeling round the erect figure of an aged leader, without any fear, with that grand resignation to

the will of God which only sublime faith can give. In the background we see the amphitheatre crowded with thousands of spectators, gazing with interest to see the victims torn to pieces by wild beasts; every instinct of the beast aroused in humanity, and yet there were, doubtless, numerous hearts touched with the sublimity of

the Christian faith that could give such calmness and glorious anticipation in the hour of death, for we know that every Christian, like Paul, suffered, and it is even so. Paul's mission is to purge it, to refine, and to bring out the best sensibilities of the soul. Indulgence coarsens and enervates. Self-denial enables

body, but cannot harm the soul. Indeed the gentle and refining influences of Christianity have been shown in many tears and bleedings and agonized sufferings, and it is even so. Paul's mission is to purge it, to refine, and to bring out the best sensibilities of the soul. Indulgence coarsens and enervates. Self-denial enables



Terse Topics.

ENLISTMENT.

Recruiting is a very important office in the ranks of the Queen. Soldiers told off for this duty pay special attention to their appearance and mode of dress in order to recommend the Flag they represent and solicit the enlistment of others. Nor must recruiting be passed over as a secondary consideration in the great fight of faith which will be waged. Every salvation soldier should possess the recruiting spirit and especially manifest it during the Siege. The soldier who believes and loves with all his soul the purposes and principles of the standard of Salvation will do all in his power to induce others to take their stand beside it for two reasons. First, he will naturally be anxious to see the cause of Christ in the Salvation Army upheld by a great and greater number. Second, he will be anxious to secure for others the privileges which Salvation soldiership gives to anyone for personal spiritual protection and entry to the Kingdom of God. When the Siege begins, and results in a harvest of souls, recruiting will not be difficult. There are but few cases where converts ought not to become soldiers. We must claim such for God and the Flag, seeking tact and grace to do it wisely and well.

The Week's Ammunition.

SUNDAY.—"His servants shall serve Him."—Rev. xxii. 3.

"Shall serve Him hour by hour,
For He will show me how!
My Master is fulfilling
His promise even now."

—♦|—♦—

MONDAY.—"Who is on the Lord's side?"—Ex. xxxii. 26.

Teach us, Master, how to give
All we have and are, to Thee;
Grant us, Saviour, while we live,
Wholly only Thine to be.

—♦|—♦—

TUESDAY.—"And he shall serve Him for ever!"—Ex. xxxi. 6.

He chose me for His service.
And gave me power to choose
That blessed, perfect freedom
Which I shall never lose.

—♦|—♦—

WEDNESDAY.—"That the name of our Lord Jesus Christ may be glorified in you, and ye in Him."—II. Thess. 1. 12.

I would be my Saviour's loving child,
With a heart set free from its passions
wild;

A mirror here of His light and love,
And a polished gem in His crown above.

—♦|—♦—

THURSDAY.—"Leaving us an example, by which ye should follow His steps."—I. Peter II. 21.

Arise! To follow in His track, His
lowly ones to cheer,
And on an upward path look back
with every brightening year.

—♦|—♦—

FRIDAY.—"For to me to live is Christ
and to die is gain."—Phil. I. 20-21.

Just when Thou wilt! No choice for
me!

Life is a gift to use for Thee;
Death is a hushed and glorious trust,
With Thee, my King, my Saviour.

Christ.

SATURDAY.—"Where I am, there also shall My servant be."—John xii. 23.

Our whole anticipation,
Our Master's blessed reward,
Our crown of bliss is summed in this,
"For ever with the Lord."

What a Soldier Should Know.

Why Uniform is Insisted on.

A neat, quiet dress pleases God in those who do not belong to the Army, which has greatly promoted all such unseemly dressers—but for a soldier who has yielded himself or himself to God entirely for the war, and for the salvation of others, uniform is insisted upon for the following reasons:

1. It makes plain his identity.
2. It opens numberless doors of opportunity.
3. It is a great safeguard against mixing with doubtful and worldly associations.
4. The saving of time, money, and thought it effects is incalculable. Hence the urgency of pressing every soldier to be an example in this matter.

Is the "Liberty of the Subject" Influenced?

Entire and absolute obedience to the teachings of the Holy Spirit is certainly insisted upon, and no matter who it interferes with, the Spirit must be obeyed. Obedience to the commands of those who are over them, as, for instance, in the case of a Captain and his soldiers, has a limitation, viz., lawful commands.

For example, a soldier would not be under any obligation to attend a meeting, if such attendance interferes with his duties to his employer or his family. A servant who was under an obligation to her mistress to be home at 9:30 could not be compelled by the Captain to remain till 10 o'clock, and so on.

How are the Churches Affected by the Salvation Army?

The Salvation Army has done a great deal to stir up the churches to good works, both by the example of sacrifice and the enthusiasm it has given to the world, as well as by its more direct influence.

Many of the choicest spirits in the churches will bear witness of the blessing and inspiration we have been to them.

Moreover, there are thousands of men and women to-day—respectable, God-fearing, and consistent church members—who, but for the active and aggressive work of the Army, would have been still in the way of sin.

Those saved in Army meetings, under circumstances preventing them becoming out-and-out soldiers, and churches have welcomed them, while our officers rejoice that they have been used to pluck the brands from the burning.

The Army cannot, certainly, be charged with sheep-stealing.

What is the Rule Respecting Drink?

The rule here is short and explicit. It is as follows: "No person can become, or continue to be, a Salvation Army soldier who takes intoxicating liquor."

The Army's Position Respecting the Sacraments.

It is quite true that the Salvation Army does not consider outward rites or observances to be of permanent obligation, under the "New Covenant" which Ouris came to establish.

Outward rites and observances were among the special marks of the Old Covenant, of which the New was to be the opposite.

The prophecy of Jeremiah is the only place in the Old Testament in which reference is made to the New Covenant, and we believe that when he said, "This is My Blood of the New Covenant." He appropriated to Himself this prophecy, and thereby proclaimed the Gospel to be a dispensation, not of types or symbols, but of spiritual reality.

His teaching, as in His parables, or in the command to wash one another's feet, was often in symbols; but ought always to be received in the light of His own declaration, "The words that I speak unto you, they are Spirit and they are life." His baptism is the baptism of the Holy Ghost and Fire. He is Himself "The Bread of Life." The eating of His body and the drinking of His blood, both essential to salvation, cannot be outward acts.

The commandment under this New Covenant is, according to His teaching, that of love. "As I have loved you," a love like His own, love grounded on the peace which He gives, and sustained and made fruitful by a continual participation in His life.

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Language more explicit can scarcely be imagined than that referred to in the Epistle to the Hebrews, in which the Prophet Jeremiah portrays the distinguishing features of the New Covenant.

A Solitary Soldier's Story.

IV.

It was the first night of the dramatic entertainments. Curious rustics were flocking to the brightly-lighted church-room, where all day extraordinary preparations had been going on.

But there was a counter attraction—we had almost said curiosities. Little Hexton was scandalized. Mrs. Penry, of "the shop" (which was the only shop in the place), thereby creating great interest. Mrs. Follows, the miller's wife, to take her a distance which she had hitherto walked in three minutes, was almost pitiful in her scorn.

There on the village green, in full view of the cloaked and hooded drab-clad persons, totally unattended, stood the little governess, Bible and Soldiers' Song Book in hand.

"Is she doin' the fast part outside?" queried a rough bystander.

"Hush," said another, "she's Salvation now. Them War Crys she sells are awfully down on the townies. Blist if she ain't goin' to tune up."

Through the evening air came an unbroken chain of voices, now and again, un-castained words. A few men who did not mind missing the exciting introductory piece at the church-room gathered round, half in decision.

Rachel was almost surprised at her own intrepidity. Her solitary songs and exhortations seemed so very unlike the big open-air she had seen in London; but it was a beginning, and a protest, though but a feeble one, against the stage and its accompaniments hard by. The ice was broken.

She would go again. Henceforth Little Hexton had a new object for gossip.

Every week that grisly figure upon the green became an expected sight. The soldiers, the officers, the kind of listeners, though the attractions were increased at the church-room, to keep them away.

The behavior fluctuated—sometimes there was comparative attention, at others a hubbub of noisy comments and a few stones fell. But what nearly disheartened Rachel was

that no actual or definite result was seen of her bold deportment. True, the subject was soon open her own soul was with the weakly self-delight and effort, but the people for whom she labored looked as dark and unresponsive to her appeals as ever. They had so far relented as to let her visit them in their homes, and her skillful, loving touches round their sick beds were grudgingly appreciated after the manner of Little Hexton. But for a time Rachel toiled on, as it seemed, fruitlessly. Those dramatic entertainments proved very much more in keeping with the village tastes.

At last one convert was made, and that the unlikeliest of all—the village chimney-sweep. He had long been considered the most depraved and hardened-hearted man in the place. But standing round these tiny scenes of torture, something in her words, backed up by the evidenced lonely courage of her convictions, reached the heart which was blackened by this darker than his sooty trade mark. A long-dormant conscience was quickened, and Jim Masters became a changed man. Rachel Hargraves stood alone no longer, and with the sweep as lieutenant she would and did command a bigger crowd.

(To be continued.)

IF THE LORD SHOULD COME.

If the Lord should come in the morning.

If I went about my work—
The little things and the quiet things
That a servant cannot shirk,
Though nobody ever sees them,
And only the dear Lord cares
That they always are done in the light
of the sun—

Would He take me unawares?

If the Lord should come at noonday,
The time of the dust and heat,
When the glare is white and the air is still,
And the hoof-beats sound in the street—

If my dear Lord came at noonday,

And smiled in my tired eyes,
Would it not be sweet His look to meet?

Would He take me by surprise?

If my Lord came hither at evening,
In the fragrant dew and dusk,
When the world drops off its mantle
Of daylight like a hush,
And flowers, their wonderful beauty,
And we fold our hands and rest—

Would His touch of my hand, His low command,
Bring me unheeded for rest?

Why do I ask and question?
He is ever coming to me,
Morning and noon and evening,
If I had but eyes to see,
And the daily load grows lighter,
The daily cares grow sweet,
For the Master is near, the Master is here!

I have only to sit at His feet.

Gie scarcely knows whether to laugh or cry with the bewildered child, who, uttering her nightly prayer, adds her own philosophy, "And, dear Lord, this afternoon I saw, out upon the cold sidewalk, a poor little girl, and no shoes or stockings on, and—and—" in silence follows, as though the little mind were staggered with the immensity of the problem, when she concludes—"But it's none of our business, is it, God?"



IN THEIR STEPS

OR WHAT WOULD JESUS HAVE ME DO?

THE SECRET OF SPIRITUAL SUCCESS

BY ADJT PHILLIPS, JAMAICA

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

Then a little man got up, whose wife sat just behind him on the platform. He attracted attention by the long-tailed black coat that he wore, and a stuck-up white collar, that gave a churchy stiffness to his neck. Said he: "I'm a Seventh Day Adventist—or rather, the remainder of one. I was one of the leading lights, and reside, as most of you know, in this village, and so have often attended the mission meetings. So have my wife and two daughters. I have been a Christian worker for some years, but did not experience conversion, so never spoke to anyone about it. There were a lot of people in this village who never could embrace my doctrines and join with me. Some laughed at me when I suggested such a thing, and said that I was an old fool. (Laughter.) Don't laugh, friends, for they were quite right. (Cries of "Amen!") When the mission opened I saw that the promoters were wrong about the Sabbath question, but I hoped to win them all over. (Sensation!) So I was glad when I saw people getting converted. Our visiting Elder said I must try and get some of the converts to join us, so that they might not neglect the Sabbath zeal. I tried, but I was not successful. I brought along some paper and a piece of chalk so I might write down the names of any who would convert. It was in the awakening that took place last month, when the meetings were kept late every night. I thought that as you were beating the bush, we would catch some of the birds. But some of the Adventist people came out to the pentent form, with others, so I was much annoyed about it, and said they had disgraced themselves. Some others were going, but as I tried to stop them, saying that the pentent form was not for them, but for sinners, they pushed past me saying that they knew better. Then I took out the piece of paper, and said to myself, "I'll write down their names and carry them up to the Elder." As I lifted up my eyes what should I see but my wife and my two daughters kneeling at the pentent form, along with some street girls! (Cries of "Glory!" and "Amen!") I hurriedly put the paper in my pocket, pushed my way through the crowd and ran home, cursing the mission and my wife as I went. Then I locked the door, saying "I will see how my wife and daughters would get in. So I undressed and went to bed. I tried to sleep, but no sleep would come to my eyes. I turned from one side to the other, but in vain. In the distance I could hear the singing; in fact, in the stillness of the night I could not help hearing it. Perhaps that is why I could not get the mission songs out of my head; they haunted me; I felt miserable. Talk about there being no hell—there was one inside my head. I got up once and began searching out some Adventist books to see what it said about conversion, and about people being converted at the pentent form, but I could find nothing that would help me, so I threw the book across the room. Then I heard some people coming towards the house singing, and I suspected that it was my wife, and others. Without hardly thinking of what I did I turned the key in the lock, jumped into bed, and covered myself up, with my face to the wall, so that they might think that I was asleep. My wife and children came in singing, with our servant girl, and they all went down on their knees, thanking the Lord for converting them and then horror of horrors—began praying for me, one after the other. I felt cold drops of sweat come on my brow, but did not move. One mind told me to get up and kick them out of doors, and another mind said I should get up and cry for mercy. I did neither. But listen—the very next

night I was at the pentent form myself. (Loud cheers and amen.) I'm converted now, praise God! And mean to go on to sanctification, although it will be hard for me to put on the uniform, after walking in cuffs and collars so many years. And I'm going to see whether I can't get your Elder, who is a well-meaning blind man, converted to-morrow. He is coming to visit me, but he will never knock out what God Almighty has put in. Friends, pray for me; pray for him, and those of you who are unconverted, pray for yourselves; and trust my word, and this warning which I give you in Christ's stead, if you leave this meeting to-night without being converted, it will be your own fault—not God's."

The testimony of these two comrades, which I have re-produced almost word for word, was listened to, I need hardly say, with wrath a-ting. And what is more, they went home to the hearts of the people. We who sat upon the platform could read it in their faces.

Major Hardling saw this, and, anxious to get into the prayer meeting early did not call upon either of the officers to speak. One of them was to have sung a solo, to guitar accompaniment, but it was postponed, and the hymn was given out:—



PLAN OF THE SIEGE.

February 25th to April 2nd, 1900

Enlistment Week—Sunday, March 25th, to Saturday, March 31st.

Universal Enrolment of Soldiers—Sunday and Monday, April 1st and 2nd.

"Why not to-night? Why not to-night? Thou wouldst be saved—why not to-night?"

A short Bible-reading by the Major followed, then the prayer meeting, which was a real battle between the powers of darkness and the powers of light; and the weeping ones, the broken-hearted ones, began to come to the pentent form until it was crowded with sinners. There were twenty-one in all. Rich and poor were there, young and old, shabby and fashionable—although, of course, more of what were known as the "common people" from the days of our Saviour, than of the others.

I need hardly say that the names of all the converts were taken, together with their addresses, so that they might be visited at their homes the following day, and prayed with.

During the next two days about twenty others professed conversion, and the same secret spiritual success attended the chores of the two lasses when the Major left us. We had a large number of converts from the very first. What became of them? You couldn't see them, did you say? Perhaps you didn't want to see them, or you may not have come where you could have seen them. What a lot of things your next door neighbor has got that you have not seen!

A certain lawyer is said to have asked a witness how far he was

standing from a certain place on a certain occasion...

"Four feet, nine and three-eighths of an inch," he replied.

"Did you measure it?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes," he replied.

"Why?" he was asked.

"Well," said the witness with a smile, "I anticipated somebody's question."

I will anticipate somebody's question now by stating that nearly one-half of these converts were not connected with some church or chapel—the Brethren got one and the Amorites two; of the rest a few turned out "thorny" and "stony," and a few refused to give up finery and tobacco, so that we probably got but a dozen recruits out of the lot, and praised God for them.

(To be continued.)

Sin of Not Doing.

Doing nothing at all is often the worst kind of wrong doing. Simply failing to do what we ought to do may be more inexcusable than any mistake in our best methods of doing. If we see another by our side in peril, and fail to give him warning or help within our power, his blood is as clearly on our head as though we had stricken him down with a club or a knife. What is the meaning of the Judge who gave this day of account, and severer than "tumsmach as ye did it not, depart from Me"? Let us watch and strive against the righteous doom of not doing.—S. S. Times.

Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy.

Thoughts.

By A. McLAREN, D.D.

He who lives to himself is the parent of all crime, meanness, and sin, whether in kings or peasants.

God's cause should be supreme in our hearts, and we should be ready to give ourselves to further it.

We cannot lean both on God and man. We must trust, but we must also use the power we have.

Over all the play of human passion and sin, God rules unseen and watches over His people, making the wrath of man to praise Him, and restraining the remainder thereof. The visible persons in the drama are but instruments in His hand, but not the less responsible.

Our prayers should be confident, because we know that all His ways are mercy and truth; and that therefore, righteously and nobly will spring up in our ways, and because we are sure that the sower may weep, but the seed will, by His blessing, spring, and the weeping sower will surely be the glad reaper.

Prayer and constant watchfulness are our weapons. If we remember the Lord, we shall not be afraid; and, if we are on our guard, the enemy will not attack. But our fighting is to be auxiliary to building God's house. Destructive work is for the sake of construction.

If we expect a blessing of God, we must seek it through full surrender of ourselves, and of our possessions and capacities and opportunities. We "prove" Him, and He promises to rain down blessings on us, not merely when we pray, but when we "bring the titles" into His storeroom, and take care that these are not blind, lame, or sick beasts, but our best.

The knowledge of God's law and the will to do it, are the strong supports of a nation, of an individual, and no better contribution to national prosperity can be made than by bringing God's word to the ears and hearts of its citizens. The salutary efforts of that knowledge is, first, discovery of sin and penitence, and that sorrow is the parent of joy, which, again, is the mother of strength.

The old, old standing difficulty, that goodness seems to have no connection with worldly prosperity, is dealt with by one argument only—namely, the prospect of the future, when character will definitely settle destiny, and blessedness and woe will be the retrospective outcome of goodness and wickedness. "The day of the Lord" will set a gulf between good and evil men too profound and wide to be overlooked. That day is future yet, though there have been precursors of it; and it will have a double aspect, being to one class lurid and destructive as the fierce flames of a furnace, and to the other radiant with the freshness, beauty, and joyfulness of morning sunshine.

MISSING PRAYERS.

A Look in at the Dead-Prayer Office.

Sometimes prayers remain unanswered because they are not directed right—not addressed to God, but to the audience.

Other prayers never "go through," because the address is unreadable. They are too full of pomp and rhetorical flourish, mere monologues of flowing prose.

Other prayers get lost because they are "unavailable matter"—prayers whose answers might gratify us, but would fall like showers of daggers on our neighbors, and so are denied passage through the Divine channels, as sharp-edged tools, corroding acids, explosives, and the like are not allowed in the mails.

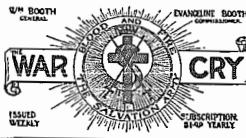
No legally "stamped," sincerely desired, and well-meaning prayer, is ever lost. The answer may be delayed, but the prayer is "on file."

GAZETTE.

APPOINTMENT—

ENSIGN WYNN, of Newmarket, to take charge of the Picton Corps.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Field Commissioner.



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The Siege.

EFFORT AND RESULT.

There is no result without previous effort, not heat without fire or friction, no house without the carpenter's or bricklayer's toll, no convert without work and prayer. Indefinite effort produces indefinite result; aimless, unguarded endeavors for the salvation of others will, at best, result in few and unsatisfactory converts. On the other hand, systematic, prayerful, and conscientious labors will inevitably bring forth definite conversions, and raise up a force of earnest, consecrated co-workers in the evangelization of the world. The result is always in proportion to the effort, notwithstanding appearances to the contrary, at times. The full extent of the effort, or the result, is not always clearly seen, but the rule holds good. It is well to bear this continually in mind.

SOLDIER-MAKING WEEK.

The ensuing week is designated in the Siege program for the making of satisfactory converts into active soldiers. Our standard demands a clear conception of salvation, and a rather strict observance of the duties of a Christian from our converts, which prevents great influxes of converts, such as are possible where only showing of hands, or a standing to their feet, or a mere formal expression that one desires to live a Christian life, is asked as a condition of membership; therefore, our converts ought to communicate, and ought to be urged to become the means of salvation to others. We would again remind our rank and

file of the great need of dealing faithfully with every individual while on his knees, and so make reasonably certain that a definite conversion has taken place. If such is the case it will not take much persuasion to enlist the convert as a regular soldier, who desires to become a saviour of others. If it is worthy of our best endeavor to win a soul, how much is it worth to turn that soul into a soul-winner?

We should also remember, while it is very desirable to have quantity, yet quality should be first taken into consideration. One good soldier is more good to God, to you, and to the Army, than a score of indifferent or pressed cases.

Agony.

OUR ILLUSTRATION.

Agony! Is it not written on every line of the bleating sheep which stands guard over her dead lamb? Whose heart has not been touched by the tender affection shown by the female animal for her young, no matter what class or family? Is not the most dangerous opponent of the hunter the lioness whose whelps have been robbed, or the she-bear whose cubs have been taken? In the protection of her young the animal-mother has often given her life.

We can readily imagine the anxious concern of the mother sheep, when her lamb fell out by the wayside. Under other circumstances no obstacle would have separated her from the flock, but when her lamb dropped, she forgot the flock, and the rain, and the storm. Again and again she tried to help the young on to its feet, until the response of life ceased, and only a carcass lay at her feet. Then the vultures gathered near the carcass in ever increasing numbers, ready to devour the dead lamb as soon as the mother should leave it. Instinct teaches the sheep the design of the birds, and in the unconscious fear, suffering dumb agony, she bleats pitiably for help.

THE AGONY OF GETHSEMANE.

If the agony of the dumb animal so quickly appeals to our sympathy, how infinitely greater and stronger should Christ's mental suffering and agony of soul appeal to the best within us? Yet, alas! how few are moved by the thought of that sublime agony. Is it because our natures are more akin to the brute than the Divine? The depth of agony can only be felt by the heart which has known the fulness of love. Jesus, being the embodiment of Divine love, was the only man capable of enduring the most cruel agony. Let us look closer.

HE BORE THE SINS OF THE WORLD.

Jesus, during His earthly ministry, bore the guilt and burden of the world's sin upon His heart and mind. He, better than any man, knew the cause of all sin; He saw the working out of the sins of the mind and heart in words not yet spoken, and deeds not yet committed; He knew clearly the force of sin, and the direction in which it was striking the human race; He was constantly thinking of his plans and designs to lessen sin and overcome its effect, by giving His own body to its bruises, and lashings, and stabbings. Jesus bore daily this long-drawn-out agony.

THE AGONY OF ANTICIPATION.

Tissot, in his famous Life of Christ, depicts Christ in Gethsemane surrounded by spirits who each reflect one phase of His suffering to come. Jesus knew what was to come—the betrayal, the accusations, the mock trial, the scourging, the scolding, and the crucifixion. All these events passed before Him in mental procession, and yet He said, "Father, not My will, but Thy will be done." Who can understand one iota of the supreme agony of Christ in the Garden? for suffering in anticipation is much keener than the reality to follow.

HIS DISCIPLES INDIFFERENCE.

In His suffering Jesus turns to His disciples for some little consolation, and finds them sleeping. "Could you not watch with Me one hour?" What a rebuke! The agony of feeling that

the most intimate friends are incapable of sympathizing with Him in some degree must have greatly intensified His agony. Great suffering, like great joy cannot be shared, except by kindred spirits. There is no way of communicating such to others who cannot understand us. When passing through our Gethsemane, we can only look above us for consolation.

OUR SHARE IN GETHSEMANE.

No great reforms have been accomplished without the reformer having to pass through a furnace of trials and difficulties. Ours the keeping to our purpose unflinchingly and indifference to the world's approval has brought success to the attempt. So we ought to take it as our share in Gethsemane's agony to do some real agonizing on behalf of the souls we desire to save. To be desperately earnest requires as a condition that we understand the great need for earnestness. To understand the great need, is to see the great dangers to humanity and to feel the curse of its sins. We must be sin-bearers—people who feel the weight of the world's wickedness—if we would be saviours. Let us, therefore, not look for easier paths, but manfully take the Calvary path—even though it leads us through the garden—it will also lead us into the secret chamber of the hearts of men, and their souls shall be given us for our Christ and His Kingdom.

The web of human fortunes is woven for eternity.—Scott.

The Commissioner's Western Tour.

MISS BOOTH

WILL VISIT

GRAND FORKS Tuesday, April 3rd.

BUTTE Friday, April 6th.

SPOKANE Sat., Sun., and Mon., April 7th, 8th and 9th.

ROSSLAND Thursday, April 12th.

(MISS BOOTH IN RAGS.)

NELSON Saturday and Sunday, April 14th and 15th.

(SATURDAY, SOLDIERS' MEETING.)

VICTORIA, Wednesday and Thursday, April 18th and 19th.

VANCOUVER Sunday, April 22nd.



The Commissioner in Montreal.

A WEEK-END WITHOUT PARALLEL.

Largest Crowd Ever Known in the Centenary Methodist Church for Miss Booth in Rage (Second Time in the City)—The Windsor Hall Twice Clogged on Sunday—Doors Closed Before Time of Meeting, with Hundreds Outside—The Commissioner's Powerful Utterances Magnified by Divine Union—The vast Audience Held as One Man.

HEAVENLY INFLUENCES HOVER OVER THE SPELL-BOUND THROG FLOODS OF TEARS TELL OF TOUCHED HEARTS—AN ELECTRIC MOMENT OF PATRIOTIC ENTHUSIASM GENEROSITY OF FINANCES BREAKS THE RECORD—OVERWHELMING DEMONSTRATION OF AFFECTION FOR THE COMMISSIONER—PRESS AND PEOPLE URGENTLY PLEAD FOR HER SPEEDY RETURN—SOLDIERS AND FRIENDS IN THE SEVENTH HEAVEN OF DELIGHT.

HE Commissioner's three days in Montreal mark an epoch in Army history of the Mountain City. Unanimous opinions declare them to be the finest ever held there. There was a combination of favorite influences. The weather, apparently feeling the weight of its responsibility wore its garb of frostiest sunshine; the dual importances of arrangement and advertisement (to the credit of the Provincial and Field Staff) to it spoke with perfect; the Commissioner's eloquence was touched with that Divine influence only expressed by the wordunction—in a word, she was at her best. The citizens caught on—they came—they were captivated. The

crowds were overwhelming, the evidences of emotion and expressions of delight were like an ecstasy of enthusiasm; old friends were blessed and reunited with our work; new friends were made for life; we have held fast of stricken, and saved, and impression left whose achievements time cannot efface, and whose full results eternity alone can reveal. As to the manifestation of appreciation and affection displayed towards the Commissioner, we have left this feature of the campaign till the last, as we feel awe-stricken at the attempt to describe it—for it is beyond description. Out of the depths of its warm heart Montreal has evinced every desire to do our leader honor

and give expression to satisfaction at her present visit and anxiety for a speedy return.

The program included the well-known "Rags" address at the Point, a Sunday's campaign in the Windsor Hall, and on Monday the Commissioner's new service, "The Scarlet Thread." This list, however, was subject to alteration. The farewell of Lord Strathcona's horse for South Africa was timed to take place on the same Monday, and the Windsor Hall especially requested for their banqueting. Although the hall had been secured for some weeks, the Commissioner at once declared her willingness to give place to the soldiers' send-off, and to postpone the Scarlet Thread. The announcement of this concession called forth hearty appreciation on the part of the citizens, and loud and vehement requests that the postponed service should speedily be forth-coming; in fact that, of course, this is confidential; we rather think from a hush of whispered hints that Montreal made it a point to unite the best of the bargain, and secured, by the change, two visits from the Commissioner, instead of one.

It was at first decided, owing to the alteration in the plan of campaign, for the party who accompany the Commissioner as the Scarlet Thread Company, to proceed direct to Kingston, but since the special railway rates only hold good for a certain number, the whole of the contingent started for Montreal—much to their satisfaction. In view of the Scarlet Thread disappointment, an extra musical festival was thrown in, and the members of the contingent materially assisted in the singing specialties of the Commissioner's meetings.

To say that everything depends on a good start may be slightly sweeping, but there is certainly an infectious inspiration about a good push-off. This campaign undoubtedly had at Pt. St. Charles on Friday. The city had already given an enthusiastic hearing to the Commissioner's popular lecture on "Women's Rights and their Appearance in that Dilapidated attire which is yet so becoming, been an absolute novelty, the interest could not have been more intense, nor the crowd larger. The interest—well, there is a moment when tears choke back further expressions of delight and when feeling so much makes speaking at all impossible, and this point many of the Commissioner's hearers had reached before the Commissioner was half way through her address. As to the crowd—it could not have been larger from the very simple but sufficient reason that it was a physical impossibility to get anybody else in—they lined the aisles with seats, they crowded the communion-tables, these thronged around the entrances in tightly-wedged groups, many seats held one more than their legitimate or comfortable capacity, yet discomfort was forgotten or lost sight of in breathless attention.

The Rev. Melvin Taylor, pastor of the church, presided. His introduction was brief, but to the point. He praised God that there had ever been given to the world such an agency as the Salvation Army. He wondered who in Christian lands had not heard of the Army, its General, and his devoted family. He said that those who worked for Christ deserved no introduction, and that he felt proud to have Miss Booth in his church that night.

The Commissioner told her pathetic and eloquent narrative with telling effect. The gleams of curiosity which had mingled with the glances cast upon our leader's ragged apparel, gave place to looks of undeniably admiration. The interest was intense—only now and then bursts of spontaneous applause interrupting the speaker. Once there was a hiss, a roar, and a thud. Alarmed eyes turned towards the roof, but the Commissioner, with presence of mind and ready wit exclaims, "It's only a little snow falling. There's a good deal of little snow in Montreal." The want might have been a panic ended in a laugh.

The address itself was a masterpiece. The sorrows of the poor and the erving have never been more ten-

derly and pitifully told, and never have they been listened to with more sympathy.

Willie and Pearl received an ovation at the close. "Lieutenant Snowflake" had, unfortunately, caught a bit of a cold, and so could not sing, but "Tipper-tewtchet" did the honors for both, calling forth storms of applause.

With some difficulty (for a concourse of people discovered that their way out must lie through that side door) the Commissioner was escorted to the pastor's private room, where a select group of church members crowded round to express their pleasure, and some with bounding eyes, to express their gratitude.

The scene of the Saturday night's musical manoeuvres was the barnetts. The crowd (albeit there was a strict ticket admission) was a splendid one. The contingent acquitted themselves in a manner highly gratifying to the audience, who, by repeated applause and impromptu encores expressed their pleasure. Brigadier Pugnire made a most happy chairman. The String Band excelled itself, and, with the part-singing of the Male Quartette, which shared its popularity, has produced much flattering comment.

Sunday's preparatory meetings put in a good foundation for what was to follow. Even the temperature outside four hours zero did not deter Capt. Morris, the boldness made known by Brigadier Pugnire. The latter's Bible-reading on the loss of a first love, and the spirit of a saint, was a choice blending of Divine truths recounted with that simplicity which is in itself a power. Rev. Mr. Brown (a colored brother who is an old friend of our work) gave a "tree-top" experience and sang an impromptu with the inspiring chorus, "God's going to wake up the dead."

Sunday afternoon a thrill of expectation went through many hearts as the long-anticipated hour of three drew near. It was a long time before that stream of people had been passing through the doors, the collectors at the doors had their hands full, and before the meeting commenced there were but few seats left in that spacious hall. The Windsor Hall itself cannot be permitted to pass without a word, before all eyes are riveted by the Commissioner's entrance let us glance around it—it is a place full of grace and beauty, built with a special view to its acoustic properties, pleasingly, without being garish, lighted by day, and with elegant and elaborate candleabra which promises brilliant illumination by night, in its comfort be it spoken the majority of the seats are armchairs. To-night the hall is ablaze with vivid coloring. Festoons of bunting in gay shades drape the long windows. Union Jacks of every shape and size lend a patriotic impress to every breath of air by their stately waves. A triumph of decorative art, including the emblems of every Canadian province embellishes the platform. All this we owe to the courteous artificers who executed the decorations for the farewell of Strathcona's Horse two days before the time, and thus gave our meetings the benefit of their handiwork.

But the Commissioner has entered, and there are few in that vast audience who have eyes for anything else but her. A claxon is heard when she pulls teardrags from the greatest instrument now so associated with her name, and with much delicacy of touch produces a sweet harmonic accompaniment to "I'm going to see Jesus up there," and "I have got a mother up there," sings the Commissioner, repeating with emphasis—

"Yes, I have got MY mother there,
Will you go?
And I shall die without a fear,
Will you go?"

A tremor goes through the audience, which has already been touched by the vibrations of chords of the children's duet (for Willie had found his voice again) and none that our eye unused to weep is dim with tears.

The Commissioner spoke as only an eloquent tongue, touched by the Holy Ghost, can declare the oracles of God.

"I have heard the 'Song of the City before,'" said one Staff Officer, "but never as the Commissioner delivered it this afternoon. There was more than ability in her words—it was a miracle of truth's declaration."

(Continued on page 12.)

Triumphant Siege Notes

FROM ALL PARTS OF THE FIELD.

BEAK RIVER.—Ten precious souls in the past week. We are sorry our Captain has to rest for a time.—See. Marne, Cor.

BERLIN.—Sunday morning we held our usual monthly meeting at the House of Industry. The inmates enjoy our meetings; they often eagerly feel our coming. We love to bring little brightness into their lives. Had a good day right through, and best of all, two souls. We are pushing the Siege.—Clara Howcroft, Capt.

A New Home.

BILLINGS.—Several souls have been saved. We have had our enrolment of soldiers. We are now in the midst of Reconciliation Week, and already one dear sister has come home to God. Hallelujah! We now have a good barracks and officers' quarters, all under the same roof, and everything handy. Previous to this we were holding meetings in tent. Our officers have been successful in arranging with a business man here to make some extensive alterations in a building on the front street, and we now have a beautiful hall papered and painted, with electric light. A lease has been taken for several years and we are again nicely settled and are hard at work.—Winter.

BRIDGEWATER.—Although we haven't a lot of soldiers, yet we are marching on. On Thursday night three wanderers came back to the fold of Christ—one of them a young man who had been a soldier in the early days of the Army here.—Captain O. Clarke and Lieut. McIvor, the sweet singer, in charge.—P. A. Hamm.

Siege Begun Well.

BROOKVILLE.—A visit from Ensign Parker, with lantern; the people delighted in the new Acetylene Gas throwing the rays on the canvas in a much larger, clearer, and more life-like style than the old light. The Ensign repeated, "Home, sweet home," by special request. Feb. 25th, the first day of the Siege, God came and blessed us richly, from 7 a.m. till 10:30 p.m. Seven souls stepped into the sin-cleansing Fountain—five for the blessing of a clean heart, and two for salvation.—Mrs. F. Sheldon.

Four Souls Surrendered.

BUTTE.—We were favored on Thursday night with a visit from Ensign May, Capt. Nesbitt, and Lieut. Floyd, and had a good all round. Week-end meetings were good. Started Sunday morning with a love-feast, and had a feast of our souls. In the afternoon good crowds outside and in. The night meeting was a crowning day. Soldiers fought like heroes, and our hearts were cheered by seeing four dear souls in the Fountain.—Reg. Cor.

Salvationist v. Heart-Backsliders.

CHESLEY.—Reconciliation Week just ended with good results. Soldiers united more together in the band of love. One brother who has tried to make himself believe he could get the blessing of holiness without being a Salvationist, surrendered on Friday night, and testified that the question had come to him of the Salvation Army, or a backslider in heart. Sunday night one backslider returned. Two other young men held up their hands for prayer. The first to raise his hand was one of Chesley's first soldiers.—Capt. Poule.

Soul-Saving Going on.

DAUPHIN.—It was the privilege of the North-West T. F. S. to visit this, one of the latest openings of the Province, for a recent week-end. The Army here has been treated with open arms; they are exceptionally kind to the officers, Captain Gamble and Capt. Elliott, but it seems hard to get the neophytes to yield to the claims of God. Sunday two souls left the way of sin and got saved—a mother and son; he led the road, she followed. The J. S. work is flourishing. 80 children present on Sunday. Six companies working. One teacher (sis-

ter) walks four miles to J. S. meeting. The sad part is only one soldier lives in town. The others live 4 to 110 miles away. One pleasing note, by the way, is the fact that the Baptist minister, a young man interested in our work, comes to knee-drill every Sunday morning.—C. A. P.

A Drunk's Donation.

GLACE BAY.—The kindness of many who attend the S. A. meetings in this town, and, indeed, a large number who do not attend, is manifested by the following incident: While Mrs. Capt. Thompson was taking the usual knee-drill, a single lad, a young man under the influence of strong drink, beckoned her towards him, asking her at the same time if she was afraid of him. She said, "Why, no, certainly not," and on going nearer him he said, "I have no money to-night, but I'll send you a barrel of flour. Will that do?" "Oh, yes," she said, and thought no more of it until a day or two after, when the team arrived with the barrel of flour.—J. T. McPherson.

GUELPH.—Good week-end. One soul—Outlooker.

HALIFAX.—Siege now in progress. Four souls on Sunday night. We believe the Lord is going to move on the hearts of the unsaved, and many sinners are going to be won.—Treas. Caslin.

The Territorial Secretary at Hamilton.

HAMILTON II.—Lieut.-Colonel Martens, accompanied by Adjt. Goodwin, our D. O., came over and gave us a meeting. Glad to report one soul for salvation. The Siege is the talk of the day. Soldiers in good fighting trim and believing for a harvest of souls.—A. Parker, Lieut.

HOULTON.—Since our last report God has wonderfully blessed us, and we have had the joy of seeing one more backslider come back. Conviction is mightily working among the unsaved, and we are believing that ere long we will see more starting for the Kingdom. We had Ensign Andrews with us on Monday evening, who favored us with his lantern service. We had a large attendance and the meeting went off well. The people went away very much pleased, and expressed their delight by saying it was the best service we have yet attended.—Minnie Vandine.

They are Coming Back.

LISGAR ST.—Siege began in good earnest. One of our band boys got saved, but could not, said he, and have been feeding on flesh long enough. One sister found peace on Sunday evening, in view more Wednesday night, another of our soldiers' wives came out to the penitent form, and knelt beside a dear friend of hers; it was a beautiful sight to see them weep together, and clasp each other, and wipe each other's tears away.—S. McFarland, R. C.

An Up-to-Date Wedding.

LONDON.—Salvation Army weddings always draw a crowd, and that of Bandsman Fred Young with Sister Jacklin, conducted by Brigadier Howell in the Citadel, London, was no exception to the rule. Bro. and Sister Rogers sang a duet, "Follow Jesus." Mrs. Brigadier Howell read the 23rd Psalm and commented thereon, forcibly bringing out the point that it pays to put God first. The P. O., after few practical and laughable illustrations, read the Articles of Marriage. The happy couple, supported by Lieut. Flessee Smith, and Bro. Jacklin, stood to the front. Too much cannot be said of the very creditable way in which the band played a selection, "It was for me," while plates, piled up with bits of wedding cake, were passed round. The bridegroom said he believed in starting right and standing up to duty. He was bountiful in great style, after which he joined the band in singing, "Come along, and go with me," especially turning to the three single bandsmen (Bros. Mason, Fleming, and Russel) while he sang. The point that

Bandman Pope brought out was that good women are the making of good men. Staff-Capt. Phillips gave me some practical advice; the Salvation Army was the Kingdom of God on earth to him. The Brigadier endorsed the same, and followed on with a good testimony on this line, at the same time assuring our three single bandsmen that he would be pleased to fix them up in the same manner. Bandsman Russell was the only one who had the courage of his convictions, for he jumped up and took hold of the Brigadier, and said, "I'll see you later, Brigadier." The doxology chapter of Bandsman Young's married life.—Riding Hood.

MINOT.—One soul for pardon on Sunday afternoon, after a hard fight. Hallelujah! Many more are convicted. We are praying for them.—Capt. L. Harper, Lieut. E. Custer.

Six Souls Since Last Report.

MISSOURI.—Last Sunday night was the farewell meeting of Capt. Wairath, who goes to Anchorage, also the welcome meeting of Capt. Ziebarth, who comes here. Bro. Sorenson, who has been away for some time, is back again. All glad to see him. Ensign Stalgers with us over Sunday. In Tuesday night's meeting one soul farewelled from sin and the devil, also on Wednesday night another found peace and pardon, and yet a third on Saturday night sought Christ as her Saviour. In Sunday morning's holiness meeting two came out for sanctification. In the Sunday afternoon meeting two precious souls knelt and found Christ to be a satisfying portion to their souls, and on Sunday night one more found peace, making, in all, six since last report. At the afternoon meeting Ensign Stalgers enrolled three soldiers under the old Army Flag.—J. H. Frost, R. C.

MITCHILL.—We are glad to report victory in our soul and fairly good times. We have had a visit from Ensign Hoddinott, and we gave him the best financial meeting that has been for some time. The Ensign gave us a very interesting time. We are in to do our best for God and the Siege.—Capt. Jordison.

MONTREAL II.—Sunday afternoon Brigadier Purnam and Staff-Captain Taylor led the meeting. We had a blessed time, with three souls at the Cross. A large crowd turned out at night. The Brigadier's subject was "The Handwriting on the Wall." We would have liked to see more results, yet we closed feeling that they must follow.—C. R. G. W.

Well Worth the Wary Journey!

MOOSOMIN.—Four souls last week; Monday night one soul in the Fountain. A good soldiers' meeting Tuesday night. A march to Wopella, a distance of eighteen miles, against a cold wind Thursday afternoon; at 8 o'clock we engaged the enemy there in the Methodist Church. God was with us, so, of course, it was victory for us. The devil was defeated with the loss of seven and others wounded. We cheered on a bit, after the fight was over, between II and 12, we started home, where we arrived after 4 o'clock full of fight and satisfaction. Victory again Sunday night and one in the Fountain, a lad of fifteen.—Oscar Rice.

NELSON, B. C.—Since Ensign Lester and Capt. Duthie came we have had ten or fifteen converts, probably more. A good work has been going steadily on. The meetings to-day were fair, though no visible results.—By one that was there.

Record Beating.

NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C.—Great start of the Siege. Largest knee-drill, marches, attendances, and offerings for years. Deep conviction, though no visible surrenders.—Ayre.

NORWICH.—We have had some very good cases of conversion. Our D. O., Adjt. McHarg, has just visited

us, also Treas. Mason, from Simcoe, and although they had to plunge their way through the snow from Woodstock, they arrived O. K. at Norwich, where we had a very nice meeting. Owing to the snow-storm, the crowd was small; at this meeting the Adjt. commissioned Bro. Searle to be Sergt.-Major of the corps. We have entered into the Siege with the promise of some of the comrades doing their best to get previous souls saved.—L. Ringler, for Capt. Lockin.

OMEMEE.—Good crowds at meetings on Sunday. Some of the soldiers are unable to attend through sickness. The best news is, one sister came to Jesus on Sunday and found peace and pardon.—Heg. Cor.

Steal up for the Siege.

PORTE LA PRAIRIE.—We have had another visit from Ensign Perry, with his lantern. Subject of service, "The Gypsy Girl," and I would like to tell you that the Portage people appreciated it very much. The Ensign made the service very impressive and interesting. Yesterday, Sunday, we had a good day, very good attendance, and the Holy Spirit convinced people of sin, although no one would yield. We are going in to make the Siege a devil-defeating, God-glorying time.—Capt. Westcott and Wife.

PRINCE ALBERT.—The Siege is once more upon us, and with it has come God's blessing. On Sunday two souls sought and found God—one a backslider, and the other a little girl. The Junior work is progressing well.—G. M. Bartlett, R. C.

QUEBEC.—Ensign Parker has been with us with his magic lantern. The new light which he has shows the views up beautifully, and had a good crowd and all enjoyed the service immensely. The processions were good. Sunday was a blessed day for our souls. We started off with a good knee-drill. The night meeting was a struggle indeed, but we hung on, and with prevailing prayer, we got the victory, and two souls knelt at the Cross.—Capts. Iluxtable and Bloss.

Cartridges Going Up.

ST. CATHARINES.—Have been in this city little over a month. Have met many friends. Meetings good. Started holiness meetings Friday night which promise to be a success. One soul has been out for salvation. Commenced a new system of Cartridges with soldiers. Have averaged over \$5 a week for three weeks. Look out, Riverside! Commissioners and Staff, with "The Scarlet Thread," have paid us a visit. Sunday's meetings in Opera House A. I. Income \$100. In for doing plenty of visiting. Our opportunities are great.—Moore and Banks.

ST. JOHNS I.—

We had a blessed time at No. 1 last week, 24 souls at the Cross—some for pardon, some for blessing. A successful banquet on Thursday night. Proceeds to go towards the band. War Crys all sold out.—C. E. Ebsary.

ST. JOHNS II.—Quite a number have professed conversion during the past two weeks. Sunday we had our old friend Capt. Jones. Capt. Jones, Morning and afternoon were there of real blessing. At night it seemed as if the devil was bent on having the victory, but God came to our help, and after a well-fought prayer meeting, one dear sister came forward and got soundly converted. S. Morgan, for Capt. McLean.

Knee-Drill on the Up-Grade.

STRATFORD.—A wonderful time in the little glory shop. A beautiful tea, a beautiful meeting, and a beautiful scene at the close, when a young man who never had been saved before came and fell down at the foot of the Cross, followed by a little girl and a band of soldiers. We are having good times in the coming Siege. We are having good times at our knee-drill. The Adjt. is believing to have twenty-five attending in the near future.—Lieut. Groonbridge, for Adjt. Orchard.

ST. THOMAS.—Good meetings all day Sunday. Although the weather was against us, God was with us. Two at the Mercy Seat for salvation. Thursday, the 22nd, we had a spelling-match which was very edifying, also very attractive, seeing the soldiers walking in with their Bibles under their arm.—W. J. Turner.

Sang and Sold Her Crys.

STRATFORD.—The war still goes on at this corps, and we can report victory after another week's fighting. One sister, who was very much troubled about her son last Sunday night, went away from the meeting undelighted, but on Monday morning, in her home, she gave herself to God. Our War Cry seller had quite an experience on Saturday night. While selling War Crys she went into one hotel, and they told her that if she would sing a song they would buy her Crys, so like a good S. A. soldier she seized the opportunity of doing something for the Master. She sang that beautiful solo "They Crucified Him," trusting that it might touch some of their hearts. They gave her the Crys for 12 Crys.—H. Freeman.

THEDFORD.—Visit of Adjt. Blackburn last night. He got here after walking seven miles through snow up to his knees. He gave us his prison experience. He is a fighter of the old school. We say, "Come again, Adjt. latum!"—T. Ford, Cor.

Pray for the Adjunt's Throat.

VANCOUVER. Since last report Capt. Miller has farewelled and is taking a short and much-needed rest, and we have welcomed Capt. Fisher to our corps. Adjt. Woodruff's throat still occasions anxiety, but she is bravely holding on. On Sunday night there were fully 500 people in our hall. The soldiers are full of faith for the Siege.—B. Norman, R. C.

WINNIPEG.—Ensign Perry with us for a meeting with his lantern. The soldiers have taken hold of the Siege in a splendid way, quite a number pledging themselves for a time of special prayer each day.—E. L. Gauble, Cudet, for Adjt. Kerr.

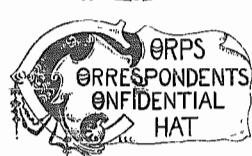
In Spite of the Storm.

WOODSTOCK.—We have been praying for showers of salvation, and little by little our prayers are being answered. In spite of the storm on Sunday we had a good day, finishing with three songs. And on Wednesday all in good trim for the special Siege meeting with the comrades on Wednesday. Ensign Andrews' lantern service on Thursday was enjoyed by all.—Kate Welch, Whistle, James, C.O.S.

YARMOUTH, N. S.—Wednesday evening we had a farewell meeting for three of our comrades. Cadet Perry, who used to assist in the Rescue work at St. John, and Cadets Purdy and Ham, who go to St. John Training Garrison. Good meetings all day Sunday. One soul said in business meeting in the morning, two Juniors in the afternoon, and one at the farewell meeting at night. Our comrades have the prayers of their Yarmouth comrades that God will mighty use them in their larger sphere of labor.—A. E. II.

Major and Mrs. McMillan Were There.

YORKVILLE.—In spite of the rough weather and other drawbacks, we had a very good day at Yorkville on Sunday. Major and Mrs. McMillan in charge. On Sunday afternoon Capt. Arnold gave me a pleasant surprise-visit, and we all enjoyed his playing and speaking. Mrs. McMillan spoke to the hearts of the people, and the Major read God's word and spoke of mercy and judgment. One soul sought salvation.—A. Rose, Capt.



"Would you like to know your weakest point?" I asked an old Army Journalist of a young aspirant in the Salvation Army world.

"Very much," was the ready response.

"Reporting," was the terse reply, which the young aspirant took to heart, and has since striven to make the most of.

This small story we give for the encouragement of those for whom this column is written. It may help a correspondent to remember that he or

she is not the only one who finds the task of reporting a blessed, but hard, one to perform.

There is a sense in which reporting is the hardest style of writing in which to excel. But we mention this, not to discourage those who attempt excellence, but rather to dignify their attainments, as well as to set up a high standard at which they may aim. Reporting is not easy for the following reasons: first, because the writer can only say what has actually happened; therefore the interest and length of his writing will be determined by events. Second, because it is at liberty, in reporting, to let his imagination hold sway or to make distortions of his own upon the doings or misdoings which he may set on record. Third, because the reporter must give a true and readable reflection of events.

In a word, the chief end of a report is to be the photograph (in miniature) of the meetings of which it speaks. The reporter is the photographer; he must be careful to make a good "negative"—the mental or note-book jottings he may make—and he must "print it well"—in the clearness and conciseness of the matter he sends up to the Editor's office.

Advice to a Young Man.

A young man just starting upon his work in the ministry, was one day talking to an aged minister in London. The young man said, according to the Christian Citizen:

"You have had a great deal of experience; you know many things that I ought to learn. Can you give me some advice to carry me in my new duties?"

"Yes, I can," was the response. "I will give you a piece of advice. You know that in every town in England, no matter how small, there is a hamlet, though it be hidden in the folds of the mountains or wrapped around by the far-off sea; in every clump of farm-houses you can find a road, which, if you follow it, will take you to London. Just so every text which you shall choose to preach from in the Bible will have a road which leads to Jesus. Be sure you find that road, and follow it; be careful not to miss it once. This is my advice to you."

Perfect sincerity is the result of a deep inward order.—Milton.



A Tilsonburg Comrade Promoted.

Death has visited our little corps and has taken one of our loved comrades from our midst. Bro. Fred Stryver, who has fought faithfully for nine years as a soldier, has gone to receive his reward. Though circumstances seem to have all gone against him, being troubled with heart disease, and not being able to work much, he was always found at meeting when it was possible to get there. He lived some four or five miles from the hall, and was forbidden by the doctor to ride a wheel, but in rain or sunshine, he would be found at his duty. He passed away Monday night, 26th of February. The following Wednesday we came to the funeral. Thorold, the remains at rest in Lakeview Cemetery. On our last visit to him he left the glorious testimony that all was well, the clouds were dispersed, his sky was clear and Jesus was most precious. He was among the first converts in Thorold and had been saved from an awful life of sin and drink, and though many gave him but a short time and then he would be back to drink again, he has stood the test even to the end.—Yours for God, H. C. Banks, Capt.

and the writer, hearing of his illness, called to see him at a friend's where he was being cared for. He appreciated our visit very much and was much cheered. Later he was brought to the General and Marine Hospital, where we frequently went to sing and pray with him and try to be of some cheer and blessing to his soul. He passed away Monday night, 26th of February. The following Wednesday we came to the funeral. Thorold, the remains at rest in Lakeview Cemetery. On our last visit to him he left the glorious testimony that all was well, the clouds were dispersed, his sky was clear and Jesus was most precious. He was among the first converts in Thorold and had been saved from an awful life of sin and drink, and though many gave him but a short time and then he would be back to drink again, he has stood the test even to the end.—Yours for God, H. C. Banks, Capt.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT AT SKAGWAY.

One Killed, Six Injured.

Owing to demolishing of a caboose loaded with natives, who were going to shovel snow at the Summit, one of our converts, Johnny Phillips was instantly killed, and Serjt. Benson was seriously injured, while five others were considerably bruised.

Johnny played the snare drum on the march the evening before the accident. Seventeen hours afterwards he was a corpse, and sorrow like a great gulf broke over the native people.

Fears were entertained for a time as to Serjt. Benson's life, but he is recovering rapidly.

The conduct of the injured natives in the hospital, their resignation and devotion to God was noticed by all. Much sympathy has been expressed for the native people, and great kindness has been shown by the railway authorities, for which the Indians are truly thankful.

At the funeral the natives sang very sweetly:—

"They are going down the valley,
The dark, deep valley.
We shall see their faces never more,
Till we pass down the valley,
The dark, deep valley.
And meet them on the other shore."—Adjt. McGill.



CITIES OF REFUGE.

Joshua xx. 1-9.

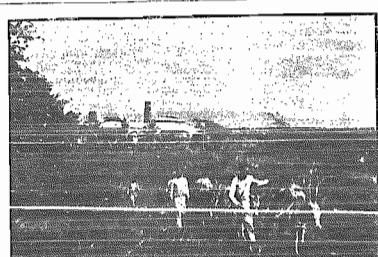
One of the Lord's most merciful provisions for the safety and well-being of His people was the City of Refuge. The six cities, placed three on the east and three on the west side of Jordan, were not intended as any cloak for sin or escape from lawful justice. The man who had committed wilful murder would find no shelter in their gates. He would have to give reason for his flight, to the elders of the city, and without that reason being satisfactory, he would be given up to justice. But in the case of the innocent, who was unjustly accused, or the man who, through some accident, had caused the death of another, the City of Refuge was true to its name, and spared him from the excited anger of his pursuers. Translating their purpose into modern tongue, we might say that these cities were to prevent the practice of lynching—that terrible freedom with which men take the sword and stand sword in hand over their own hands. In those early days it was harder now for men to bridle their passions by respect for the law, and the Lord seems to have foreseen some such emergency by this timely ordinance.

Divine wisdom had so located these refuges that they were easy of access from many points, and had made the directions plain and clear, so that the agitated refugee need make no mistake in their finding an entrance. Within the city the seclusion was absolutely sacred. Once the poor, haunted, panting man was received within those gates, his pursuer had no power to get at him—in fact, was forbidden on pain of death.

The Cities of Refuge are types to us of Christ. The man-slayer stands for the sinner; his pursuer, the avenger of blood; the law; the road to the city, the way of salvation; and the Cities of Refuge, Jesus Christ. As the man-slayer had to be actually in the city to be safe, so the sinner must be "in Christ" to be saved. The Cities of Refuge made no charge for their protection, so is salvation purchased for us by the Blood of Christ "without money and without price." Would that men fled to Christ with the same eagerness that in those days they sought the City of Refuge.

A Soldier for Fifteen Years Goes Home from St. Catharines.

"Father" Ames, who fought a good fight in the ranks of the Salvation Army in Thorold and St. Catharines for about fifteen years, has passed over the river and joined the redeemed and Blood-washed throng. Some two weeks before his death, Adjt. Moore



A Jamaican Sugar Estate.



Among the Bananas in Jamaica.

THE COMMISSIONER IN MONTREAL.

(Continued from page 9.)

"I wish I had not taken such a prominent part," said his tender-hearted wife. "I couldn't keep the tears back when she spoke so beautifully of the martyrs' faith, and the triumphant death of our saved soldiers at the front."

The soldiers were unanimous in expressions of joy. From the intelligent local, who declared the wondrous blend of logic and ability in the Commissioner's talk, to the saved "tough," who declared, mayhap, with a suspicious snuff, "My, but didn't she get away this afternoon!"

But what shall we say of the audience? They were held spell-bound, and the Commissioner touched their heartstrings as freely as she vibrated the tones of her harp. Old men and women sold-out as it was for joy—while the slow drawl of conviction's tide stole down some fair young cheeks. Heaven seemed nearer, the Cross more real, and life took a newer, truer value for us all.

Not yet 7:30, yet a returning tide of disappointed feet are trooping down the steps into the street, in whose icy solitude some hundreds are reflected to late upon the wisdom of the advice voiced by the press the day before, "Come early to ensure a seat." Within every seat was filled, the platform was thronged with Salvationists, and the aisles were filling.

Amongst the palms of the garden there is a rustle, then a spontaneous outburst from the audience proclaims the identity of the slight, tall figure in her oriental robes who has stepped to the front. Looking fringle after the afternoon's exhausting effort, the Commissioner is with us again. Before she paints us, in living pictures of speech, the brilliant scenes of "Love's Sunset," Brigadier Pugnire takes the thread, to explain the postponement of the Stellar Thread, and to express the Commissioner's ready will to give up the hall to the soldiers' farewell. His words were scarcely said when a vehement and unanimous applause drowned his voice. Flashing its variegated electric lights upon the through, the brilliant motto prepared for the forthcoming occasion, gleaned suddenly forth, "Welcome, Strathcona's Horse." The effect was electric. A burst of patriotic feeling convulsed the mighty throng. There wanted but one thing to complete the intense excitement of the moment, and Brigadier Pugnire did it—he struck up "God Save the Queen." The Commissioner rose to her feet, Staff-Capt. Morris seized his cornet, Capt. Easton's fingers lighted on the piano keys, the awaiting crowd struggled simultaneously to the feet, and then Salvationist and citizen French and English, with a burst of blended feeling united to throw out the glorious notes of the National Anthem as they are seldom sung—we doubt whether even Strathcona's Horse itself could voice it fuller or more strong.

Yet, such was the spirit of the place and hour that the interlude made no break in the tightening tension of holy feeling which held the crowd as one man. The Commissioner had not been five minutes on her feet before it seemed as though the more than a thousand soul-chords were held in that one slender hand. Yet we should say that it was in the Divine grasp that these consequences lay, for it was as though God had answered the prayer of Mrs. Staff-Capt. Taylor, and so blessed and owned our leader's utterance as to make her the mouthpiece of His power, the declarer of His justice, and the pleader representative of His mercy. It was indeed truth, or hashed Gospel that fascinated the crowd, that called forth torrents of tears, and turned faces ruddy with youth and pleasure's thins white with the avenging scourge of conviction's lash. Like some prophetess warning the new world by lurid pictures from the old world's fall, the Commissioner discovered the subtle death that lurks behind all sin, and dragged it to light for the shamer to look upon. And the sinner looked—there was no dodging the truth, for the Commissioner had as she pointed to the inevitable outcome of travelling down—no looking round the ghostly picture of a lost soul which she held so persistently in

the front. Then the Commissioner dropped the curtain upon the dark play, and disclosed the one light for all mankind's night, the one hope for all despair, the one Panacea for the whirlpools of earth's tangled currents—the mercy of God. And hearts broke and pent-up spirits would have vent, and before we closed angel-pens were busy writing new names in the Book of Life.

"What have you been doing with yourself the last two hours?"

Mrs. Ensign Williams' face beamed. "Helping to count the collection," she exclaimed, as she whispered an electrifying figure in our ear. When we state that the total proceeds of the visit amounted to the magnificent total of \$330 we put Montreal's appreciation of the Commissioner's visit in a nutshell. The expenses incurred in the campaign were rather high, yet we left all local magnets with shining faces. Perhaps this figure had something to do with it.

We are now en route for Kingston, typical party of Salvation campaigners. The Commissioner, although tired by the tremendous exhaustions of yesterday, is equally dedicated to Sister Griffiths, whose typewriter click, click, mingles pleasantly with the hum of the rushing current. The strong band have just laid down their instruments after a selection highly appreciated by our fellow-travellers. Brigadier Pugnire, with beaming face, bears modestly his laurels as chief engineer of Sunday's successful organism, and is, if possible, a little more the aene of Salvationist affability than usual. The children sit in and out, reminding that they have survived the paroxysms of petting with which Montreal greeted them. Adj't. Adams is penning correspondence (presumably of a personal and pleasant nature). Adj't. Wellswell, there was a fur cap at which wriggled in the corner of a seat a tiny little girl, who had been the apple of her whereabouts. But enough, we are nearing our destination, i.e. Kingston to worthiness of the victorious track which Montreal has laid down. Our next report will reveal.—A. L. P.

Women's Social Department

NOT INACTIVE.

Vancouver Victories—Halifax New Home—St. John's, Nfld., Extension.

By LIEUT.-COLONEL MRS. READ.

The Women's Social Department is by no means inactive. Though there has been little recorded news in the columns of the Cry from us lately—partly because we have been too busily occupied to chronicle. Our work is steadily going forward, and every day brings to our Territorial Headquarters information which shows the strong hold our work has upon the various cities where it is in operation.

A member of the League of Mercy in St. John's, Nfld., writes me in a personal letter :

"I know you will be glad to hear the Lord is giving us blessed victory while visiting the hospital. When we first visited there we were not allowed to pray, sing, or read, but now our visits are looked forward to with joy every week, and we can pray, sing, or read whenever we wish. They all seem to long to see us and to get the Word of Christ. I feel sure our work there has not been in vain, for God has made us a blessing to those dear suffering ones, and a word of cheer and comfort seems to ease their pain. I am glad to tell you, Mrs. Read, I do love this part of the work, and have made up my mind to do my best. I do love to visit the sick and dying, and also those within the prison walls. I am changed now from the hospital to the home. I love to try and help those whose lives are sin and misery, made so by sin, and hold meetings there every second Sunday. Last Sunday we had a nice meeting. As the Captain read the word of God, it seemed as if the hearts of the girls were broken as they wept. I do pray that one day we shall see them coming to Him Who alone is able to heal the broken heart and bind up the wounded

spirit. In visiting the hospital we speak to thirty or more about their souls, give out fifteen or twenty Crys, pray with ten or twelve. It is grand to know the dear Lord can keep and make His children a blessing when they lean upon Him."

—♦—

The influence of the Homes are far-reaching. The girls look upon the Homes as the Mecca to which they can turn in times of temptation and difficulty. The appended extract from a letter, written by one of our erstwhile girls to another, shows this :

"I often think of what they told me in the Home, that every time we overcame some temptation, by going to God in prayer, it is a fresh victory won, and I pray God to give me victory over all sin. Do you know, somehow everything seems different. I do believe that the prayers of those far away help us much. Sometimes things are so dark, and when I go to my Home, and in some way I feel that I am near to them all, for I feel sure that they pray for me there."

—♦—

Not only are the Homes already established maintaining their influence and carrying forward their good work, but we are steadily advancing. Good news comes from Vancouver, where Adj't. Jordan has been faithfully toiling and making preliminary arrangements for the opening of the work. The Adj't. has been succeeded in securing a fine house and has purchased furniture, and now all things are in readiness to receive any poor erring one in need of a home.

Ensign Super goes to assist in the Home. Adj't. Jordan writes in the most glowing terms of the hearty co-operation she has received and of the deep interest taken by the ministers, Christian ladies, and citizens generally. They have rallied to her nobly. The Adj't. still requires financial help to finish paying the opening expenses.

—♦—

We are building a much-needed addition to our Home in St. John's, Nfld. The work is recognized by the best citizens of the Island, and receives their support. The Government also subsidizes the Home with an annual grant.

The alterations and improvements in the building have put an extra financial burden upon the work, and I hope our friends will relieve Adj't. Tovell in this matter as soon as possible.

—♦—

Adj't. Jost is taking hold of the work in Halifax. We are endeavoring to secure more commodious accommodation in a more suitable locality, as our work is handicapped in Halifax for lack of room.

—♦—

Again the cloud of sorrow and bereavement has rested upon our faithful Rescue Staff.

This time dear Major Stewart has been called to the house of death. His sister—a sister for years—passed away a short time ago.

Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin with the West End Warriors.

LISGAR ST.

Sunday we had a splendid day. Meetings glorious. Old time fire and enthusiasm. Splendid crowds. Extra seats had to be brought in for the night meeting. Finances good. Three seekers. Prospects excellent. Mrs. Turner and Captain Arnold assisted. Lisgar St. is all right.

CARRIED THE FLAG.

Member of Strathcona's Horse Paraded with Salvation Army.

The Salvation Army made a brave showing last night as it paraded Sparks Street, with a stalwart member of the Strathcona Horse at its head bearing the flag. With a grim humor the band played the air, "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-Night." On account of the damp weather, there was no open meeting, but a special service was held in the Army barracks. —♦—



GREAT BRITAIN

The General continues his campaign in the British Isles. A Field Officers' Council at Birmingham, and a very successful week-end at Hastings are the latest reports.

Colonel Bailey has been appointed Secretary for Trade affairs at I. H. Q.

Commissioner Dowdle has had a serious relapse. He has had a paralytic fit and lost the use of his limbs for about two hours. He has slowly recovered their use.

The General's great Social meeting in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, postponed by his recent serious breakdown, is now arranged to take place on Monday, May 14th. The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor will preside.

The General's visit to Birmingham was a powerful time, fully up to Leeds and Manchester. Our beloved leader is now preparing for his council with the London officers. Commissioner Rees had arranged for the whole number of 1,100 to sit down for food at once. This will be a great saving of time, both to the General and officers.

Mrs. Booth's Self-Denial Campaign include visits to Torquay, Weston-super-Mare, Southport, and Liverpool.

Mary, the Chief's second daughter, was sworn in as a soldier of the High Barnet corps recently, by Captain Harris. The dedication service moved some to tears, and the deep earnestness of the new soldier herself made a profound impression. She told how she gave herself to Jesus Christ when she signed the Articles of War.

Colonel Lamb has been describing the Prison-Gate Work of the Salvation Army to a committee—under the presidency of Lord Elgin, sitting at Whitehall—which is considering the better work of the prisons in Scotland. The committee was very much impressed with the magnitude and character of the Army's work among the criminal classes.

The Medical Department is advancing in favor and utility. It is now open for the benefit of Salvation Army officers and employees, small, fee being charged for service and treatment. The Medical Officer is in attendance every morning (except Wednesday) from 9 to 11. Candidates are seen on Tuesdays from 6 to 7 p.m. Information in respect to the Department can be obtained from the Medical Officer, 101 Queen Victoria Street, London, E. C.

AUSTRALASIA

Brigadier Bruntwell has farewelled from Victoria, and Brigadier Horskins has succeeded him as the Colonial Commander of Queensland.

Mrs. Major Fisher (formerly of Canada) is the leader of the League of Mercy 'n' Melbourne.

Mrs. Herbert Booth has opened a new Rescue Home at Sydney. The building is Army property, and contains every improvement.

The Commandant has sent Adj't Sutton to the Collie Estate to com-

mence operations on that great land colony. Brigadier Saunders has been appointed to carry out the expensive building plans, which include dormitory for the boys that will be handed over by the Government. Superintendent's house, school, barns, etc., cow-sheds, piggeries, bridges, etc. The whole is expected to be finished in four or five months.

A second contingent of officers has been despatched to Java, where our work seems to be in a prosperous condition at present.

INDIA

The Secretary of State for India has received the following telegram from the Viceroy: "Although the harvest is very poor it is giving temporary employment in Central Provinces, hence

poor of the city. Hence this splendid offer, the acceptance of which has received the sanction of the Chief of the Staff.

SOUTH AFRICA

In relating some remarkable experiences in spiritual work during his stay in this country, Adj't Johnson gives the following instance: "I remember one case in particular. It was when I was stationed at Port Elizabeth. As usual, there was a good crowd and much interest in the meeting. A woman was sitting in the audience with her husband and child. She was laboring under deep conviction, and finally made a rush for the penitent form. Her husband was furious. He threw her cloak at her, snatched the child up and went out of the hall.



THE BOURSE, BRUSSELS.

A decrease in number on works. In Bengal decrease in number on works is due to similar cause and to stricter regulations. Distress is increasing in Hyderabad, which reports numbers for first time. Number of persons in receipt of relief 3,913,000." In spite of the relief given by harvesting operations, this is an increase of nearly 130,000 on last week's total.

The mortality in Bombay is unprecedentedly high, and now reaches 400 daily. 10,230 persons died in the city last month. The plague, cholera, and small-pox, dysentery, and the other diseases are epidemic among the refugees from the famine districts.

Sweden

The Municipal Authorities of Gothenburg, the second largest city in Sweden, have offered Commissioner Oliphant a magnificent building, formerly in use as a hospital, for a Young Men's Home. The building is a remarkably fine one, it contains twenty-five rooms, spacious corridors, and is surrounded by an open courtyard. We anticipate being able to accommodate one hundred young men. The offer is for five years, free of rent. Our Social work in the city has made a deep impression on the authorities, and they are convinced of our special ability for dealing with the

was always kept loaded. He got out of bed and seized the gun with the intention of blowing out his brains. He pulled the trigger, but no report followed. Examining the gun he found that somebody had unloaded it. He paced the floor until daylight, his poor wife nearly distracted by his strange conduct. Then he made his way to our quarters, and after praying with him for some time he was converted. He and his wife both became soldiers of the corps, and afterwards officers."

NORWAY

Commissioner Ouchterloney has just dedicated, at Larvik, a new Rescue or Life Boat, intended for the visitation and relief of fishermen and sailors in stormy weather. Under very striking circumstances the flag was raised to the masthead in a terrible snow-storm on the west coast of Norway.

NEWMARKET NEWS.

Lieut.-Col. Margetts' Visit—Farewell of Ensign and Mrs. Wynn.

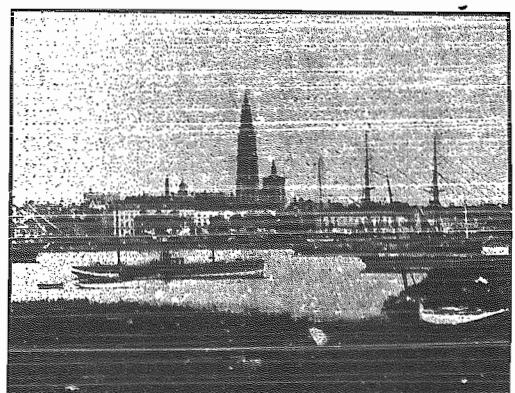
For the past week we have had considerable conflicting experience—honor and sorrow. Last Friday night we had the joy and pleasure of having Lieut.-Colonel Margetts and Staff-Capt. Manton, from Headquarters, conduct a special spiritual meeting. The audience was not large owing to the inclement weather. Their visit was much appreciated by those who were in attendance.

Another gratifying pleasure: Since Ensign and Mrs. Wynn came to Newmarket in June, their work has made sweeping strides. Five months ago the average attendance of J. M. was five, and now they number 24 average. The work is going on beautifully.

20 souls have sought salvation and have been enrolled as Salvationists. Bless the Lord! The regular attendance at the meetings has much increased; War Crys all sold out by Saturday; no corpsabilities. Ensign and Mrs. Wynn farewelled Sunday night. The sorrow of the audience surpassed anything I have seen in this corps. The officers were truly beloved by all.

A farewell banquet held on Tuesday night was largely attended. Quite a number of corps officials and outsiders expressed their regrets at their having to leave. Altogether the banquet was quite a success. Proceeds \$20.40. God bless the Ensign and his loving family.—Yours truly for Christ, Aux.

The word of God has come to every man! This is as certain as air and water rush into vacant spaces—for God is everywhere. The sea-shell may not be conscious of the continuous roar within it, nor the soul of the ceaselessly resounding voice of God, but it comes to you as clearly as to Samuel or to John.—C. F. Goss, D.D.



THE QUAYS OF ANTWERP, BELGIUM.

HUSTLERS RENDEZVOUS

Ernest Enterprise being absent, one of his inferiors makes a brave attempt to substitute his weekly observatory on the Hustlers' competition.

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The Pacific Province is conspicuous by its absence. Being ebaritately disposed (somebody paid me a debt of long standing) I presume that snow-drifts, land-slides, or other circumstances beyond human control prevented the list from reaching us.

—0—

Major Pickering certainly keeps the Eastern Star well to the front. One hundred and twelve boomers is an excellent total. Such splendid effort deserves every recognition, and I strongly recommend that he be presented with a Blood-and-Fire moustache-cup. That would be a splendid reminder, these times a day, as he puts the steaming beverage to his antelopeing lips, that only a continual hot and strong effort can keep anything up to the mark—even the Hustlers' List. Eternal vigilance is the price of Hustlers' leadership.

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Brigadier Howell continues to be in the lead among the Ontario Provinces. He has 91 Hustlers this week. Well done, but there ought to be 100.

Nigger is lacking. Why, Mag has actually got eleven ahead of him. How great must be the poor horse's humilation. But "let not mine enemies rejoice," is Brigadier Gaskin's consolation. He will not stay at the bottom for long. No—not he!

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The North-West is coming on—while the Pacific is off! Bless them both. Good-bye!—Jack Makeshift.

—0—

EASTERN PROVINCE.

112 Hustlers.

Capt. G. Thompson, Glace Bay 130

Capt. Rynn, True 130

Sergt. Venoit, Halifax II 129

Jennie McQueen, Moncton 125

Capt. P. Sydne, Sudbury 105

Capt. Bowering, Weaverville 105

Engie Parsons, Yarmouth 104

Sergt. Flood, Hamilton 103

Mrs. Santuca, Hamilton 100

Sergt. Santuca, Hamilton 100

Capt. Wilson, Charlottetown 88

Cadet Chandler, St. John I 87

Adjt. McNamara, Charlottetown 86

Lieut. Jones, Woodstock 80

Lieut. Murchough, North Sydney 80

Bro. Reed, St. John I 73

Lieut. Deakin, Sackville 70

P. S. M. Smith, Windsor 70

Lieut. Lehaus, Stellarton 70

Capt. Kirk, St. John V 70

Mrs. Adjt. McGillivray, Fredericton 70

Cadet McLennan, St. John I 69

Engie Wright, St. John II 64

Lieut. Venoit, Burlington 63

Sergt. D'Long, Summerside 60

P. S. M. Long, Charlottetown 60

Sergt. Armstrong, St. John II 60

Cadet Dwyer, St. John I 56

Lotlie Smith, Halifax II 55

Adjt. Byers, St. John III 54

Lieut. Haywood, Digby 53

Sergt. Libans, Fredericton 52

Capt. Clark, Amherst 50

Lieut. Pemberton, Amherst 50

Capt. Green, Sussex 50

Sergt.-Major Morrison, Glace Bay 50

Ensign Jennings, Springfield 50

Capt. Perry, St. John III 50

Lieut. Nettling, Liverpool 50

Capt. Laws, St. Stephen 50

Lieut. Winchester, St. Stephen 50

Mrs. Ensign Knight, Calais 50

Capt. Breton, St. George's 50

Capt. Goodwin, Somers 50

Capt. Bell, St. George's 49

Capt. Fleming, Hamilton 45

Capt. Cowan, Southampton 45

Capt. Lamont, Halifax I 45

Capt. Tidye, Parrsboro 45

Ensign J. H. Ebsary, Annapolis 45

Lieut. Cameron, Canning 45

Ensign Larher, Chatham 45

A. Ramie, Bridgewater 44

Capt. C. Allan, Carleton 44

Sister Lovely, Parrsboro 44

Capt. Pitcher, Springfield 43

Sergt. Hawkins, Yarmouth 42

Capt. Wiseman, Bothwell 42

Capt. Copeman, Theford 41

Treas. Mrs. Olive, Carleton 40

E. Kent, Bear River 35

Lieut. Hebb, Hampton 35

Capt. Bradbury, Fredericton 35

Newman Betts, New Glasgow 34

Mrs. Maybee, Charlottetown 33

Ensign Knight, Calais 33

Capt. A. E. Armstrong, North Head 31

Capt. Welch, Westville 30

Sergt. Pike, Houlton 30

Lieut. Round, Summerside 30

Capt. Mercer, Liverpool 30

Capt. Brown, North Sydney 30

Capt. Clark, Kentville 30

Lieut. Peckham, Kentville 30

Capt. Doyle, Sydney Mines 30

Mrs. Capt. Lorimer, Carleton 30

Sergt. S. Holden, Windsor 30

Bro. Kimball, Fredericton 30

Sergt. Mrs. Matthews, New Glasgow 29

Capt. Hulbert, Hillsboro 29

Mrs. W. Bowden, Dartmouth 29

Lieut. McIvor, Bridgewater 29

Capt. Engle, Bridgewater 29

Sergt. England, Chatham 29

Mrs. Squires, Springfield 29

Lizzie Parks, Carleton 29

Lieut. N. Smith, Lunenburg 29

See. Ellis, Charlottetown 29

Sims. Key, Moncton 29

Capt. O. Clark, Bridgewater 29

Adjt. Fraser, Moncton 29

Capt. G. Weakeley, New Glasgow 29

Sergt. Lyons, Fredericton 29

Capt. C. T. Tewin, North Head 29

Capt. L. T. Tewin, Hillsborough 29

Sister J. Shumway, Wilmot 29

Sister Aldrich, New Glasgow 29

Sergt. M. Bently, Fredericton 29

Mrs. McCowd, Dartmouth 29

Capt. Brown, Westville 29

Bandama, McDonald, Westville 29

Adjt. T. Tilley, St. John V 29

L. Phillips, Glace Bay 29

Maud Wilson, Halifax I 29

Capt. Jackson, Newcastle 29

Capt. Miller, Feltville 29

Capt. Burtch, Brookville 29

Lieut. Yandah, Brookville 29

E. Johnson, St. John V 29

T. Tilley, St. John II 29

L. Phillips, Glace Bay 29

Maud Wilson, Halifax I 29

Capt. Jones, St. Johnsbury 29

Capt. C. H. Moore, Newport 29

Sergt. S. M. Rice, Montreal I 29

Sergt. Mrs. Moore, Montreal 29

Capt. Yake, Deseronto 29

Mrs. Capt. Carter, Port Hope 29

Lieut. McEwan, Kempton 29

Mrs. Ensign Shus, Barrie 29

Sergt. Thompson, Belleville 29

Capt. Grose, Prescott 29

Capt. Constock, Cobourg 29

Lieut. Lang, Cobourg 29

Lieut. Carter, Burlington 29

Bro. Shaver, Montreal 29

Sergt. Perkins, Barrie 29

Mrs. Simons, Kingston 29

Mrs. Barber, Kingston 29

Staff-Capt. Burditt, Peterboro 29

Mrs. Stone, Lakefield 29

Mrs. Kirk, Belleville 29

Mrs. MacLean, Green Pith 29

Capt. Brindley, Sherbrooke 29

Mrs. Capt. Murchie, Tweed 29

Capt. Titus, Arnprior 29

Lieut. Langford, Arnprior 29

Bro. Newell, Barrie 29

Sergt. Blue, Kingston 29

Mrs. Hippner, Montreal II 29

Sister A. Avey, Sherbrooke 29

Capt. Pitcher, Morrisburg 29

Capt. Bliss, Quebec 29

Capt. Dawson, Contwoyto 29

Capt. C. Cook, Tilsonburg 29

Lieut. Norman, Trenton 29

Sister E. Avery, Sherbrooke 29

Sister Coggan, Kingston 29

Mrs. L. Cross, Cornwall 29

Mrs. McLean, Wilmot 29

Capt. Green, Peterborough 29

Capt. Carter, Port Hope 29

Lieut. Norman, Trenton 29

Capt. Wright, Peterborough 29

Capt. Edwards, Listowel 29

Capt. Carr, Wyoming 29

Capt. Mathers, St. Thomas 29

Capt. Hulwood, Kingsville 29

Capt. Hook, Norwich 29

Lieut. Ringer, Norwich 29

Capt. Greenfield, Wallacburg 29

Capt. Crawford, Clinton 29

Capt. Cook, Tilsonburg 29

Lieut. Kitchen, Ridgewood 29

Capt. Bishop, Listowel 29

Capt. Carr, Wyoming 29

Capt. Ferguson, Glengarry 29

Mrs. Capt. Hulstone, Kingsville 29

Capt. Bearell, Tweed 29

Capt. Hustable, Quebec 29

Mrs. Harrison, Peterboro 29

P. S. M. Merchant, St. Johnsbury 29

Bro. True, Peterboro 29

Capt. Carr, Peterboro 29

Capt. Wright, Peterboro 29

Lieut. Edwards, Paris 29

Capt. Nettling, Liverpool 29

Ensign J. H. Ebsary, Annapolis 29

Lieut. Cameron, Canning 29

Ensign Larher, Chatham 29

A. Ramie, Bridgewater 29

Capt. C. Allan, Carleton 29

Sister Lovely, Parrsboro 29

Capt. Pitcher, Springfield 29

Sergt. Hawkins, Yarmouth 29

Capt. Capt. St. John, Wilmot 29

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Capt. St. John, Wilmot 29

NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.

5 Huskers.

| | |
|-------------------------------------|----|
| Sergt. Lane, St. Johns III (av.) | 28 |
| Cand. Wilshire, Henry's Dollight | 32 |
| Sergt. M. Ebsary, St. Johns I. | 32 |
| Sergt. Bessie Hiseack, St. Johns I. | 22 |
| Mrs. Adj't. Dowell, St. Johns I. | 25 |



We are prepared to answer questions and give information upon any subject as far as it is possible for us to do so. We will answer enquiries about rules and regulations, about the law, about the law as it applies to necessary for spiritual growth, about personal troubles and perplexities, or regarding general points of interest to the majority of readers.

Write untrammelled, and in plain English, as such is the language we give quite confidently, we will answer by letter, if you enclose postage stamp. We would not use your name in print, but all answers should sign their full name and address, as a master of sign.

H. F.—Thanks for your letter. We shall be pleased to do as you suggest. We are always glad to receive criticisms and suggestions made in such evident Christian spirit.

♦ ♦ ♦

M. R., Laramie, N.D.—QUERY: Is a man a Christian who imports goods by stealth to avoid paying the duty imposed by the Government? ANSWER: Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's, etc. (Matt. xxii. 21.) 2. QUERY: If such an act is wrong, and a man has been guilty of it before his conversion, is it sufficient for him, after getting saved, to sin no more, or ought he to make restitution? ANSWER: He ought to make a confession to the respective Government authority which should have received the duties on the goods, and make such restitution as he is able to make.

♦ ♦ ♦

Wm. Farrow, Verbridge, — Q.U.F.R.Y.: What was the name of the king of Jericho who reigned at the time the city was taken by Joshua? ANSWER: The name of the king is not mentioned in the Bible anywhere, to my knowledge; and as we do not believe much could be gained by knowing it, we have not searched in other literature for it.

Nellie asked, "Is our family a awfully exclusive. Is yours?"

Bessie asked, "No, indeed. We haven't anything to be ashamed of."

War is possible only because man has not the imagination to realize its horrors. Were they able to do that they would shrink from it as they do from private murder. Philadelphia North American.

Bind together your spare hours by the cord of some definite purpose, and you know now how much you may accomplish.—Wm. M. Taylor.

Joel Stratton, a humble shoemaker in Worcester, Mass., was the man who induced John R. Gough to sign the pledge, in 1845. If this plain man had not done his duty the world would have lost the most eloquent advocate of the temperance cause ever had.

IMPORTANT!

HELP FOR ALL IN LEGAL DIFFICULTIES.

DO YOU WANT ADVICE CONCERNING?

PARTNERSHIP AGREEMENTS?
JOINT STOCK COMPANIES?
PROPERTY DEEDS?
MORTGAGES?
INSURANCES, OR
LEGACIES?

ARE YOU IN TROUBLE WITH YOUR

CREDITORS, OR
MORTGAGEES?

IF SO, THE COMMISSEUR IS WILLING TO PLACE AT YOUR SERVICE THE KNOWLEDGE AND EXPERIENCE OF A COMPETENT OFFICE.

ADDRESSE YOUR LETTER (MARKED "CONFIDENTIAL"), TO
M. A. BOSTON, 8 A Temple, Albert St., TORONTO,
AND MAIL IT, TO COVER EXPENSES, WILL BE CHARGED.

Our First Convert
IN SKAGWAY, ALASKA.

BY ADJT. MCGILL.

Henry Diedrichson, the subject of our sketch, was born in Norway, about four miles from Christiania, in the town of Drammen. His parents were Lutherans, and no doubt sought to instill in young Henry's mind the truths of Christianity, but he, at an early age, evinced a determination to gratify the desires of his heart, regardless of the restraints placed upon him by the church. His brothers were engaged in the book-binding business, so naturally, he shifted into that occupation. Owing to a fall in the trade he sought fresh fields, came to New York, where he spent his earnings in riotous living. Owing to sickness he was obliged to return to his native land.

Some time after he went to Germany and there he bound books and lived a dissipated life. Sometimes he saw the Salvation Army, but was not at all interested in what they had to say.

Yielding to the promptings of an unsatisfied heart, he again crossed the Atlantic, and this time also the American Continent. At Victoria, B. C., he obtained work at his trade. Here the Army attracted him, and every night found him at the barracks, although he could understand very little of the language, yet sufficient.

To Become Converted of Sin.

Often he would still the uneasy feeling by resorting to his beer.

joyless expression was gone as he rose up, and, thank God, never returned.

One night before retiring, feeling that his refuge was in God, he asked that the way might be opened for him that he might get work. This was a new step for Henry, and he sweetly rested in God's faithfulness. Next morning before he was up a knock announced him.

Work was Offered.

With a light heart away he goes, and, after some weeks, returned bright and happy.

At the first enrolment he took his stand under the Blood-and-Fire Flag, and nightly he carries it on those streets where he spent so many miserable days. He did not know, and, despairing of his way, may understand that there is salvation for him.

The drinking and gambling still goes on without abatement, and in its train the inevitable heartbreaks and poverty.

Mothers weep over boys whose love for mother and home has grown less and less since they began to spend their earnings down town. Wives, whose hot tears tell what their lips refuse to divulge, struggle on with heavy hearts because of the estrangement that some rival affection has produced.

Children, fast losing that simplicity which is their charm and beauty, especially the child of one of these evils, acquire a hardness of expression, a cunningness of disposition, and a distaste for the things of God. Oh, truly hell and damnation lie in the wake of this modern evil.

Thank God, the Army's first convert stands firm as a rock in the midst of this sea of recklessness and sin.



To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, and have done so for many strong women and children, or any one in difficulty. Address Commissioner Evangeline Booth, 16 Albert St., Toronto, and mark "Enquiry" on the envelope.

Officers, Soldiers and Friends are requested to look regularly through this column and to let the regular subscriber know if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

Second insertion.

News wanted regarding the relatives of one ALEXANDER TANGER, of TAUGHEE, of Vancouver, B. C. Father and sister supposed to be in England, and brother James in Australia. Any information welcome. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

HOLT, MRS RICHARD (PENDLETON). Last known address Billings Pt., Ont., near Ottawa, Ont. Age 49, height 5 ft. 6 in., fair. Husband a farmer. Mother dead. Father anxious to hear from her. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

Montreal District.

Local Officers and Bandsmen were commissioned by the Chancellor at No. 1, recently, and a fine staff of men and women they are. No wonder Ensign Williams' face beamed with delight, as he looked upon them.

"n" "n" "n"

Brigadier Pugmire's united welcome meeting at Point St. Charles, on Saturday night, was inspiring. In spite of heavy storm on the Sunday, meetings at No. 1, were well attended, and one capture made for the Kingdom.

"n" "n" "n"

This was the start of the Siege, and on Monday the Brigadier met all the officers of the city for a meeting and tea, which was followed at night by a united soldiers' meeting. This meeting will long be a green spot in the memory of those present. It was a soul-warmer, sure enough. Everybody seemed to get a lift spiritually, and Montreal will feel the effects of that meeting. God gave the Brigadier great liberty in reading the word, and our hearts were overwhelmed to see a long row of men and women kneeling at the Mercy Seat, consecrating themselves to God for the soul-saving work.

"n" "n" "n"

Oh, dear, what shall I do? My feet are freezing!" These words were spoken by a poor half-blind victim of the cold weather—she stood shivering in the street. The thermometer registered 4° below zero. Needless to say, she was brought to our barracks, and afterwards taken to one of our

in the city, where



Being a Synopsis of the Social Operations of the Salvation Army in Canada, Newfoundland, and North-West America for 1899.

FIFTEEN CENTS.



105 Help Me to Fight.

Tune.—B. B. 15.

1 Who'll fight for the Lord everywhere,
Till we march by the river of light?
Where the Lamb leads His hosts free from care,
All robed in their garments of white.

Chorus.

Everywhere, everywhere; who'll fight for the Lord everywhere?

Oh, think of the fiends everywhere
Who on man's ruined nature have trod,
Of the curses that breathe on the air
From souls wandering far from their God.

I'll fight for the Lord everywhere,
For the terrible need I can see,
Many dying in sin everywhere,
My Jesus alone can set free.

Lord, I Draw Nigh.

Tune.—B. B. 31.

2 Oh, when shall my soul find her rest,
My strivings and wrestlings be o'er?
My heart by my Saviour possessed,
Be fearing and sinning no more?

Now search me and try me, O Lord!
Now, Jesus, give out to my cry!
See, helpless I cling to Thy word,
My soul to my Saviour draws nigh.

My idols I cast at Thy feet,
My all I return Thee, Who gave:
This moment the work is complete,
For Thou art almighty to save.

Oh, Saviour, I dare to believe,
Thy Blood for my cleansing I see,
And asking in faith I receive
Salvation, full, present, and free.

Rejoice Evermore.

Tune.—Sweet by-and-bye (B.J. 28).

3 Let us shout, Hallelujah, again,
Never weary in praising our God
For His love even now is the same
As when first we were washed in the Blood.

Chorus.

Praise the Lord, Jesus saves!
Hallelujah for ever! Amen!

Let us always rejoice and be glad,
Never murmur, though fighting be

All the fetters that oppressed me
Now are riven; are riven;
With the precious Blood He blessed me,
This to me is heaven.

I will tell the wondrous story
Of His grace and love;
He has filled my soul with glory:
Praise the Lord above!

Come Home, Backslider.

Tune.—Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord.

5 Return, oh, wanderer, return,
And seek your Father's face,
Those new desires which in you
Were kindled by His grace.

Chorus.

Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord,
Or you can't go to heaven when you die.

Return, oh, wanderer, return!
He hears your humble sigh:
He hears the softened spirit mourn
When no one else is nigh.

Return, oh, wanderer, return!
My Saviour bids you live;
Come to His cross and you will learn
How freely He'll forgive.

Mercy for Thee.

Tune.—B. J. 15.

6 O Wanderer, knowing not the love
Of Jesus' loving face,
In darkness living all the while,
Rejecting offered grace,
To thee Jehovah's voice doth sound,
Thy soul He waits to free:
Thy Saviour hath a ransom found,
There's mercy still for thee.

Chorus.

There's mercy still for thee,
There's mercy still for thee,

Poor trembling soul, He'll make thee whole.

There's mercy still for thee.

Long in the darkness thou hast strayed,
Away from joy and peace;
Thou hast these worldly pleasures tried,

But found them soon to cease,
Without one lingering ray of hope.
In anguish thou mayst be;

Oh, listen to the joyful sound,
There's mercy still for thee.

Though sins of years rise mountains high,
And would thy hopes destroy,
Thy Saviour's Blood can wash away
The stains, and bring thee joy.
Now, lift thy heart in earnest prayer,
To Him for safety see;
While still the angels chant the strain,
"There's mercy still for thee!"

Our Solo.

A PLEA FOR THE DRUNKARD.

7 I have something now to say to you,
And you will admit before I am through
That what I am going to say is right and just,

For no matter where you be,
There are mortals you will see,
On whom you gaze in horror and disgust.

Though the man on whom you frown
May be poor and broken down,
And pressed by poor misfortune to the wall,

Just lend to him a hand,
For you must understand
There is a God above Who died for all.

Chorus.

Then if you ever meet
A poor drunkard on the street,
Pity him, but don't condemn; I pray,
For 'twas rum that brought him low,
And his cup is filled with woe;
He may become a sober man some day.

Did you ever stop to think
That before he took to drink,
He may have been some mother's only boy?

Once so happy, bright, and free,
As he sat upon her knee;
'Twas then to him a life without alloy.
No doubt to him she said,
As she brushed his curly head,

Some day, my boy, you'll rise to wealth and fame.

But, alas! poor mother's gone,
And the boy is broken down,

Through rum and beer he's brought to open shame.

Then, perhaps, his wife at home,
As she waits for him to come,
With broken heart her lot she does bear.

As she prays to God above,
To look down on him in love,
And save her husband from going to the jail.

Then the children in the cot,
Sharing mother's wretched lot,
Perhaps, through cold and hunger, fall asleep;

While the father drinking rum
In some tavern in the town,
His promise made to wife, he could not keep.



LIEUT-COL. MARGETTS,

accompanied by

Staff-Captain Manton,

will visit

Oshawa, Thursday, March 29.
Brockville, Friday, March 30.

Peterboro, Sat., Sun. and Mon., March 31, April 1, 2.

Port Hope, Tuesday, April 3.

Cobourg, Wednesday, April 4.

Belleville, Thursday, April 5.

Napanee, Friday, April 6.

Kingston, Sat. and Sun., April 7, 8.

LIEUT-COL. MRS. READ,

(The Rescue Secretary)

WILL VISIT AND CONDUCT SPECI-
AL SERVICES

ORILLIA, Sat., Sun. and Mon., April 7, 8, 9.

BARRIE, Tuesday, April 10-11.

BRIGADIER and Mrs. GASKIN
will conduct special meetings as follows
Turon St. (old No. 1), Saturday, March 24,
24, to Sunday, April 1 (inclusive).

MAJOR PICKERING

will visit

St. John L., Sun. and Mon., April 1, 2.
J. S. ANNUAL.

Whereabouts of Financial Specials.

ENSIGN BURROWS.

Brooklyn, Thursday, March 22.

Oshawa, Friday, March 23.

Brockville, Sat., Sun. and Mon., March 24, 25, 26.

March 24, 25, 26.

Oneida, Tuesday, March 27.

Lindsay, Wednesday, March 28.

ENSIGN HOODINOTT.

Tilsbury, Friday, March 23.

Norwich, Sat. and Sun., March 24, 25.

Woodstock, Mon. and Tues., March 26, 27.

Ingersoll, Wednesday, March 28.

ENSIGN PARKER.

Renfrew, Thursday, March 22.

Perth, Fri., Sat. and Sun., March 23, 24, 25.

Tweed, Mon. and Tues., March 26, 27.

Trenton, Wednesday, March 28.

ENSIGN PERRY.

Edmonton, Thurs. and Fri., March 22, 23.

Calgary, Sat., Sun. and Mon., March 24, 25, 26.

Lethbridge, Wednesday, March 28.

ENSIGN STAIGERS.

Horn, Thursday, March 22.

Billings, Sat. and Sun., March 24, 25.

Red Lodge, Mon. and Tues., March 26, 27.

ENSIGN ANDREWS.

Windsor, Thursday, March 22.

Halifax II., Friday, March 23.

Dartmouth, Sat. and Sun., March 24, 25.

Halifax I., Monday, March 26.

Truro, Tuesday, March 27.

Stellarton, Wednesday, March 28.